



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TX 428.42 .H337 BK.4
Hartwell, E. C.
Story hour readings /

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 04924 8649

STORY HOUR READINGS



FOURTH YEAR

HARTWELL



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK
COLLECTION



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
RECEIVED

JUN 9 3 1925

LELAND STANFORD
JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

STORY HOUR READINGS

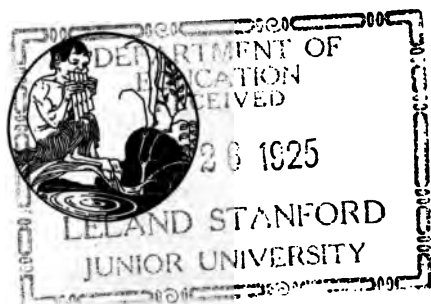
FOURTH YEAR

BY

E. C. HARTWELL, M.A., M.Pd.
— SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Illustrations by

George Varian, E. A. Furman, B. Westmacott
E. B. Comstock, and others



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CINCINNATI

ATLANTA

CHICAGO

82

588647

C
COPYRIGHT. 1922, BY
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
All rights reserved

W. P. 18

MADE IN U.S.A.

PREFACE

IN their first three school years, children have gained a working mastery of the mechanics of easy reading. This end has been reached largely through oral drill; and such method is proper as long as eye recognition of words is slower than speech. But in the fourth year the reverse of this becomes true. Speech is too slow a vehicle to keep pace with the growing conception of the eye, hence some silent reading on the part of the pupils must be introduced in a Fourth Reader, else their progress is retarded. This is the pedagogical problem peculiar to this grade.

SILENT READING. Teaching pupils to read silently naturally involves their exposure to plentiful reading materials. Such material as may be available in the supplemental reading sets, in school libraries, and elsewhere, should be used to encourage the habit of wide and general reading. The establishment of good reading habits is constantly to be kept in mind. To accomplish this and to lay properly the foundation for the important business of learning how to study, the teacher should undertake from time to time to test pupils on their speed, accuracy, and ability to gather the chief ideas of the author. Such work is easily made the basis of oral and written English, thus effecting that correlation of activities which all teachers recognize as especially desirable.

Silent reading is entitled to a large place in our teaching; but it certainly should not displace drill in oral reading, memorization, word study, or dramatization.

PREFACE

This Reader undertakes to provide desirable material for work in silent reading without losing sight of the other elements essential in a good Fourth Reader.

THE READING CONTENT. Most of the selections in this book are strongly narrative. Child interest can hardly be held by any other form of writing. The stories are both new and old; character and fitness of a piece, not the date of its production, governed the choice of the editor.

ARRANGEMENT BY GROUPS. There is an obvious advantage in grouping kindred reading materials in sections under captions such as "Out of Doors," "Our Animal Friends," etc. Besides affording some elements of continuity, the plan offers opportunity for comparison and contrast of the treatment of similar themes. It also insures a massing of the effect of the idea for which the section stands. Secondly, the section divisions break up the solid text, and because of this the pupils feel at frequent intervals that they have completed something definite.

The groupings make no pretense to being mutually exclusive. On occasion a selection may well be transferred to another section. For example, the Washington and Columbus stories should be used in the proper season in "The Glad Holidays" section, although it is obvious why they belong primarily in "Our Own Country." Teachers should have no hesitation in breaking across from one section to another when the occasion or the children's interest seems to warrant.

MECHANICAL FEATURES. Editor and publisher have spared no pains or expense to make this book attractive to children. The volume is not cumbersome or unwieldy in size. The length of line is that of the normal book with which they regularly will come into contact. The type

is clean-cut and legible. The pictures are all drawn by artist specialists. Finally, enough white space has been left in the pages to give the book an "open," attractive appearance. No single item has so much to do with children's future attitude toward books as the appearance of their school Readers.

WORD STUDY. Repeated attention throughout is called to the study of words: spelling, pronunciation, meaning, and use in sentences. This is an initial preparation for the use of an elementary dictionary, a copy of which every child should have on his desk the latter half of the fourth year — certainly at the beginning of the fifth year.

SOCIALIZED WORK. Opportunity for dramatization, committee work, and other team activity is presented repeatedly throughout the volume. Wherever the teacher can profitably get the pupils to work in groups, she should take advantage of the coöperative spirit.

CITIZENSHIP. This means more than the passing phase of so-called Americanization. It means a genuine love of country, a reverence for our pioneer fathers, a respect for law, order, and truth. This Reader is rich in patriotic content. It is hoped that the ethical element in the selections will be found to be forceful as well as pleasing. The book emphasizes throughout the worth of individual and social virtues.

MANUAL. The *Teachers' Manual* contains detailed lesson plans and pedagogical helps for each selection in this book; also an introductory article on the Teaching of Reading, which discusses Silent Reading (with detailed directions for speed tests), Oral Reading, Dramatization, Appreciative Reading, Memorizing, Word Study and Use of the Dictionary, Reading Outside of School, Use of Illustrative Material, and Correlation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE following selections are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of the works of these authors: "The New Year" by Lucy Larcom; "A Barnyard Story" by Phoebe Cary; "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Arrow and the Song," "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Building of the Ship" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; and "The Sandpiper" by Celia Thaxter. Acknowledgment is also extended to Henry Holt & Company for permission to use "Nicholas Nye," from *Peacock Pie* by Walter De La Mare; to The Macmillan Company for "The Horse," from *The Rocky Road to Dublin* by James Stephens; to Funk & Wagnalls Company for "Black Hawk's Speech," from *The World's Famous Orations*; to *The Youth's Companion* for "A Turkey for the Stuffing" by Katherine Grace Hulbert; to Mr. Charles E. Carryl for "The Plaint of the Camel"; and to The Bobbs-Merrill Company for "A Song of Our Flag," from *The Trail to Boyland* by Wilbur D. Nesbit, copyright 1904. Thanks are due the American Book Company for use of selections from the following authors: Jacob Abbott, James Baldwin, Fanny E. Coe, John Esten Cooke, Davis and Chow-Leung, Edward Eggleston, James W. Nicholson, M. F. Nixon-Roulet, Angelo Patri, Mabel Powers, Katherine Pyle, A. O. Stafford, Anne A. Stanley, and Gilbert L. Wilson.

CONTENTS

OUT OF DOORS	PAGE
Camping Out	13
A Summer Day	18
Autumn <i>Emily Dickinson</i>	19
Gigino Becomes an Ant <i>Angelo Patri</i>	20
Spring Song <i>Robert Browning</i>	27
The Little Tadpole <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	28
Jack Frost <i>Gabriel Setoun</i>	34
The Anxious Leaf <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>	36
Laughing Song <i>William Blake</i>	38
 FANCIFUL TALES	
The Magic Bowl <i>Jacob Abbott</i>	41
Lost	49
The Toys Talk of the World <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	50
Dandelions	51
The Wonderful Waterfall <i>M. F. Nixon-Roulet</i>	52
The Children and the Dog	56
The Wishing-Gate <i>Louise Chollet</i>	59
The Wise Mice	66
 OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS	
A Dog's Own Story	69
Famous Dogs	74
Raggles	78
The Horse's Prayer to his Master	82
Nicholas Nye <i>Walter De La Mare</i>	84
The Horse <i>James Stephens</i>	86
In Nutcracker Lodge	87
God's Creatures <i>Margaret Benson</i>	93
The Grateful Elephant <i>Anne A. Stanley</i>	94
 ON THE FARM	
Farmer John <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	99
In Orchard and Garden <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	102

	PAGE
Special Kinds of Farming	103
A Barnyard Story <i>Phæbe Cary</i>	106
The Prudent Farmer <i>Edouard Laboulaye</i>	109
Life on the Farm	114
THE GLAD HOLIDAYS	
A Halloween Show	119
The Thanksgiving Gifts	126
We Thank Thee	130
A Turkey for the Stuffing <i>Katherine G. Hulbert</i>	131
A Thanksgiving Creed	136
A Visit from St. Nicholas <i>Clement C. Moore</i>	137
The Fir Tree <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	140
The New Year <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	146
OUR OWN COUNTRY	
The Ship of State <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	149
How America was Discovered	151
Columbus and the Egg	159
Two Little Americans	160
The Young Surveyor <i>John Esten Cooke</i>	162
Paul Revere's Ride <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	168
Song of Marion's Men <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	174
Abraham Lincoln's School Days <i>James Baldwin</i>	177
A Song of Our Flag <i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i>	181
My Country, 'Tis of Thee <i>Samuel F. Smith</i>	182
Patriots <i>James T. Fields</i>	183
Pledges	184
FOLK STORIES	
The Coming of Seegwun <i>M. F. Nixon-Roulet</i>	187
The Ape and the Firefly <i>A. O. Stafford</i>	191
Woo Sing and the Mirror <i>Davis and Chow-Leung</i>	194
Glooskap and the Frog Chief <i>Gilbert L. Wilson</i>	196
Greedy Fawn and the Porridge <i>Mabel Powers</i>	202
The Stag at the Pool <i>Æsop</i>	206
THE BUSY WORLD	
Our Helpers <i>Charles J. Barnes</i>	209
The Miller of the Dee <i>Charles Mackay</i>	211
How Crusoe Made Pottery <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	213

CONTENTS

9

	PAGE
The Village Blacksmith <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	217
Your Newspaper Talks	220
The Flax <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	225
Poor Richard's Sayings <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	230

PIONEER DAYS

Mother Purnell	233
The Old Cottage Clock <i>Charles Swain</i>	238
How the Pilgrims Lived	239
In Old New York <i>Fanny E. Coe</i>	243
In Old Louisiana <i>James W. Nicholson</i>	247
Old-Fashioned Telegraphs <i>Edward Eggleston</i>	251
Black Hawk's Farewell	256

A LITTLE NONSENSE

The Circus Clown	259
The Owl and the Pussycat <i>Edward Lear</i>	260
A Tragic Story <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	262
A Limerick <i>Edward Lear</i>	263
Adventures in Lilliput <i>Jonathan Swift</i>	264
The Gardener's Song <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	267
The Plaint of the Camel <i>Charles E. Carryl</i>	268
The Fastidious Serpent <i>Henry Johnstone</i>	270

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS

The Origin of Birds	273
The Secret <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	274
The First Robin <i>Henry Schoolcraft</i>	275
Robert of Lincoln <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	278
The Eagle <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	281
Bobwhite <i>George Cooper</i>	282
In the Honeysuckle	283
The Flight of the Thrushes <i>Henry C. McCook</i>	284
Parable of the Wren	291
The Sandpiper <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	292
The Bluebird <i>Emily H. Miller</i>	294

LESSONS FROM LIFE

"Try Again" <i>Charlotte Elisabeth</i>	297
The Conceited Grasshopper <i>Elisabeth Turner</i>	300
An Ax to Grind <i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	302

	PAGE
Harry and the Guidepost	304
Circumstances Alter Cases	306
The Arrow and the Song <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	308
The Noblest Deed	309
Perseverance	312
 ADVENTURE	
The Pirates of the Pond	315
Andy Moore <i>Grace Greenwood</i>	319
A Brave Indian Girl <i>Henry Schoolcraft</i>	322
The End of the Rainbow <i>Grace Greenwood</i>	327
The Shipwreck <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	332
The Usual Burglar	335
 OTHER LANDS AND TIMES	
Whittington and his Cat	339
The King of the Golden River <i>John Ruskin</i>	352

OUT OF DOORS

The greatest book in the world is the Out-of-Doors. It lies open to everybody to read. Woods, streams, lakes, ocean beaches, parks, animals, plants, stars—all are its pages. If you wish your eyes to be sharp, your ears keen, your limbs supple, and your brain clear, go to the Out-of-Doors and learn the ways and wisdom of Nature.



FOURTH READER

CAMPING OUT

HARRY NEWTON was an active, healthy boy who would enter the fourth grade when school opened in September. During the summer he had worked in his father's garden, played ball, and learned to swim. His older brother Will, a returned hero of the World War, had promised to take him on a camping trip before the end of the summer vacation. A few miles from their home was a beautiful lake, surrounded by hills which were covered with woods. The older brother had a little army tent and had kept much of the kit he had used as a soldier. He had learned to love an outdoor life, and he was more than willing to give Harry a taste of it.

One fine morning, the last week in August, they started for the lake. Will carried the blankets, the tent, a hunter's ax, and a small bag of provisions. Harry carried the fishing tackle and cooking kit. They each had some matches and a knife. They had rented a boat from a farmer friend living on the lake, and planned to get from him the potatoes, vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs they might need. Will, remembering his long hikes as a soldier, had warned his younger brother to avoid carrying anything not absolutely needed.

At the end of an hour of walking through open country, and another hour through the woods, they arrived at a good camping spot. The ground was high and dry. A fine sandy beach with clear water made the best place for swimming Harry had ever seen.⁵ Near by, among some beautiful silver birches, was a clear spring which fed a tiny brook running into the lake. The light wind which swept over the lake brought with it an odor of balsam and pine. Will said the breeze would blow away any mosquitoes that might¹⁰ come to bother them.

Making camp was a simple matter. The tent was speedily put up, and over a quantity of dry pine needles easily gathered in the woods, their blankets were spread to make as soft a bed as anyone could desire. There¹⁵ was plenty of dry wood close at hand, and a pile of it was soon collected for their evening camp fire.

Harry was anxious to show his older brother how well he could swim and Will was equally anxious to get into the water. So without further delay both plunged²⁰ into the lake. They dived, swam on their backs, splashed water on each other, whooped, and sang songs at the top of their voices. They had never had such a fine swim. Drying themselves in the sun, they pulled on their clothes and started for the farmer's²⁵ house where they were to get their boat and the rest of what Will called their rations. They took along their poles, lines, and hooks with the purpose of fishing

on their way back to camp. The boat was ready for them. The provisions were soon loaded into it, and Will, taking the oars, rowed out to a spot where he thought there must be some good fishing.

5 Harry baited his hook and let out most of his line. He had not long to wait. There was a sharp tug on his line and he was soon busy playing a fish. Will laid down his oars to help land it if Harry found it too much for him, but Harry managed to keep the line taut while
10 reeling it in as fast as he could. Before long he had the fish in sight, and then he no longer wondered why his arms ached from trying to bring it up to the boat. It looked in the water to be the largest fish he had ever seen.

15 Carefully now he drew the fish around to where Will could catch the line and swing it into the boat. When the big fellow was finally flopping about in the bottom of the boat, Harry was probably the happiest boy in the world. It was his first big pike. He wished that
20 the boys at home could see it, and was sorry that there was no one there to take a picture of him proudly holding up the fish as he had seen older fishermen do. He did not believe another such pike could possibly be caught in the lake. He was willing to go on trying, but
25 he did not expect ever to see the equal of his first catch.

An hour more of fishing seemed to prove that Harry was right, for all of their other fish were much smaller than his first one.

After they had rowed to camp late in the afternoon, Will taught his young brother how to clean a fish and also how to make a camp fire. He explained to him that Indians and all experienced campers use a small fire for cooking, and are always very careful to prevent any fire in the woods from spreading. A forest fire is terribly costly and destructive. Some of the new potatoes were put to boil in a small kettle. The coffee was soon steaming at the edge of the bed of coals. The fish and the bacon were sputtering in the frying pan. Knives, forks, plates, and spoons were all laid out ready for use. Butter, salt, and pepper were placed on a flat stone within easy reach. A basket of the farmer's apples, pears, and peaches was brought up from the boat.

13

Never did anything taste so good as that supper. Harry was sure that the coffee was the best he had ever drunk, and the new potatoes seemed surprisingly better than any he had ever tasted before. Of course there never was and never could be again such an appetizing fish. Even the fruit seemed to be sweeter than it was at home.

Building up their fire again after supper, they washed and put in their place the few dishes they had used, and sat down for a good camp-fire talk. Harry said his first day of camping was the happiest he had ever spent. He wondered whether he would not like to camp out the year around. He was sure he would if

Will could always be with him. What a fine big brother he was, and how proud he was to be his brother!

He was trying to keep awake, for Will was saying something about a boy he knew who really ought to be in bed, but his eyes were very heavy. He yawned and tried to find a softer spot for his head. He scarcely knew what happened when finally a pair of strong arms gently took him up, and rolling him in his blanket, laid him on his soft pine bed for his first night of camping out.

1. Have you ever been camping? What did you take along? Compare your camp with Harry's.

2. Have you ever caught a fish? What kind? How big was it? Tell how you would clean and cook a fish.

3. Have you ever seen or read about a forest fire?

4. Why should every boy and girl learn to swim?

5. Word Study:

kit — A small box or bag for holding necessary articles.

hikes — Walks for some set purpose.

ō'dor — Smell; perfume.

bal'sam — A kind of evergreen tree.

yawned — Gaped.

STUDY OF THIS BOOK

You have finished reading the first story in your new book. Before going further, look through it carefully. What is its name? Examine the title-page and study the table of contents. Into how many general divisions is the book broken? Are there any authors listed in the table of contents, whose names you know? Where have you heard of them? How many pages does the book contain?

A SUMMER DAY

You have seen day break in the summer; you have watched the sun rise; you have been caught out in a summer shower; and you remember the twilight of a summer evening. The four stanzas in this poem paint these four pictures in turn. After you have read this poem a few times, see if you can repeat it.

THIS is the way the morning dawns :
 Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
 Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the flowers and lawns —
This is the way the morning dawns. 5

This is the way the sun comes up :
 Gold on brooks and grass and leaves,
 Mists that melt above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup —
This is the way the sun comes up. 10

This is the way the rain comes down ;
 Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
 Over roof and chimney top ;
Boughs that bend, and clouds that frown —
This is the way the rain comes down. 15

This is the way the daylight dies :
 Cows are lowing in the lane,
 Fireflies wink o'er hill and plain ;
Yellow, red, and purple skies —
This is the way the daylight dies. 20



AUTUMN

BY EMILY DICKINSON

THE morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown ;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
5 The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

1. What does the poet mean by saying that "the morns are meeker"? What is a "berry's cheek"? What is meant by the fourth line of this poem?

2. Do maples wear "scarfs"? Do fields have "gowns"? Why does the author wish to "put a trinket on"?

3. What month do you think she describes in this poem? Why? What is your favorite month?



GIGINO BECOMES AN ANT

BY ANGELO PATRI

This selection is from a book called "White Patch." The story was first written in Italian by a man named Bertelli.

Gigino (jee-jee'no) is a lazy little boy who does not like to study. He wishes that he might turn into an ant, for he thinks ants have nothing to do all day but enjoy themselves. His wish comes true and he has many adventures, but to his surprise he finds that ants must study and work even harder than little boys.

The tale here opens just after he has lost his senses and is no longer a boy.

WHEN Gigino regained his senses, he felt rather strange.

It seemed as if some one had mistaken him for a piece of cardboard, and wound about him a whole ball of thread, closing poor Gigino up in a tight little bundle, from which he could not get away.

Then he became aware of some one who was helping him get out of the tangle by unwinding the threads. After some time he was able to free his head and arms.

"Courage!" a voice said to him. "Pull up!"

5 With a great effort, he freed himself. Then he felt as if some one were kissing him.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed in surprise. "What's this person about?"

"I am cleaning you up a bit."

10 "What! with your tongue? We aren't cats. Pray, may I know what I am? And what you are? And where we both are?"

"Patience, patience," the voice answered. "There are so many questions which you want answered, and
15 you have only just left your cocoon. Your mind is not yet clear enough to understand things and to put questions properly. Wait a little. Have patience. When the time comes, everything will be made plain."

This was all said in such a calm, kindly voice that
20 Gigino held back a great flood of questions that came to him. He was quiet in spite of himself.

During the silence his mind seemed to be clearing. He began to arrange his thoughts. The wonderful change had not taken away his memory, for he could
25 remember the past very distinctly.

First of all — and of this there could be no doubt — either he was blind, or he was in a place of total darkness. Yet, although he saw nothing, he began to

feel where he was. Somehow he got the idea that he was in an underground room. He understood that about him there was a whole workshop of busy little people. He did not have to see to know these things. This was all very strange to him. He must have, he thought, a new organ of sense, for everything was as plain as if he saw it with his very eyes. Then, like a flash, he knew that he was an ant, and that the one with him was an ant, and that both of them were in an ant home. 10

So much for the present. As for the past, he could not understand by what strange manner he had come to be what he was. He remembered the little old man in the spectacles and the green coat, who had sprung up right at the moment when Gigino was 15 saying :

“Rather than study Latin grammar, I should like to be an ant.”

“And Maurice and Georgina? What of them?” murmured Gigino. “Perhaps even now they are 20 nothing but a grasshopper and a butterfly. And mother? Poor mother! She is all alone!”

To tell the truth, Gigino was not very happy. His wish had come true, but the truth was not easy to bear. 25

In a few moments, however, Gigino forgot his sorrow, and his busy little brain went right on working.

“I am now an ant,” thought he, “and it serves me

right. But I feel that I am still Gigino, otherwise I could not remember all these things. I am, therefore, a boy ant, and, of course, superior to all other ants. I ought to be able to do whatever I please among them. Some day, who knows —”

“You must be hungry,” interrupted his friend.

“Oh, a little,” answered Gigino, who, indeed, began to feel hungry.

“Take this, then,” said the ant, putting a drop of something very sweet into his mouth.

“What is it?”

“Milk sirup.”

“Whatever that may be, I don’t know. But it is certainly very good,” added Gigino, licking his lips.

But what a curious mouth he had!

There were two large, strong jaws, made like the jaws of pincers, with edges like a saw’s.

“Pardon me if I am curious,” said he to his companion, “but if we ants eat nothing but this sirup, what do we chew with these strong jaws?”

“Nothing; they are not for chewing.”

“No? And what are they for, then?”

“For the most part the jaws are used to work with. Sometimes, however, they are needed to protect us against our enemies.”

“To work with?”

“Exactly! In time, you, too, will learn these things.”

Gigino could do nothing but twist his mouth just

as he would have done had he been a boy again and some one had said, "Study!"

The ant began once more to lick him.

"Stop, stop!" cried Gigino, laughing. "Excuse me, but you're tickling me all over." 5

The good ant herself laughed at this and added:

"It's natural. I have touched you in the most sensitive part of your body. I have touched your antennæ."

"Antennæ! What curious things are those?" 10

"Those things you have in the middle of your head are called antennæ. They are the feelers. Look!"

She touched two organs of his body to which he had up to this time paid no attention, and Gigino broke out laughing. 15

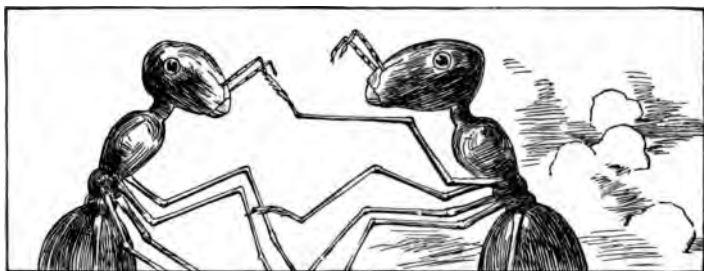
"These things are called horns, in my language," he said.

"Call them what you will. But they are not in the least like horns. The tickling you feel proves that they are organs of touch. Woe to us, had we no antennæ! 20 They help us to find our way, to signal our companions, and to discover when there is trouble in our path."

"Wonderful!"

"And there is still something else. In the pores at the end of the antennæ is placed our sense of smell." 25

"How strange!" murmured Gigino to himself. "I should never have imagined I would have a nose at the end of my horns!"



“Without these feelers,” went on the ant, “we could not live in this dark place.”

Gigino now began to understand how it was that, even though he could not see, he was able with the aid of his antennæ to tell exactly where he was.

“I am sorry for one thing,” he said rather sadly.

“And what is that?”

“That I have no eyes.”

The ant laughed very kindly at this, but said nothing.

10 And then, for the first time, Gigino thought of the fact that he had not yet thanked the ant for the kindness she had shown him.

“Pardon me, madam,” he said, “but what is your name?”

15 “Fusca.”

“Excuse me, Fusca, for not having thanked you before this. You told me so many strange things that my mind was a little confused.”

“Say no more about it. I have done no more than
20 my duty.”

"Your duty?"

"Certainly. I have done what you yourself must do to the ants that are born after you."

"How is this? Be so kind as to explain. I do not understand —" 5

"The thing *is* a little difficult, but everything will be clear to you when you have had your lessons."

At the word "lessons" Gigino jumped back with all his six legs. What! To escape lessons, he had had himself made into an ant, and now, after all, ¹⁰ must he listen to this talk about lessons? He was trapped. Surely this was hardly fair!

"Pardon me," said he, in a trembling voice, "but I didn't exactly hear. What did you say?"

"I said that to-morrow, when you go for your les- ¹⁵ sons, you will learn many things that every educated ant should know about. Our problems, our ideas, will be explained to you."

Gigino felt chills all over his body. Lessons! Explanations! Problems! Ideas! Even ideas! Hor- ²⁰ rible!

"Pardon me if I am rude," said Gigino, "but perhaps there is among you even a professor of Latin grammar!"

The ant did not understand, and she drew away to ²⁵ speak to some of her companions who were talking together in a group a little to one side.

Poor, lone Gigino! He felt a lump rise in his throat

and he was on the point of bursting into tears. But he thought that it would be useless, as he had no eyes with which to cry. Instead, he climbed upon the empty cocoon and began to drum upon it with his two front legs.

1. Who were Maurice and Georgina?
2. What did Gigino say about studying Latin grammar? Did he have his wish? Why was he not happy?
3. Where have you seen ants? Where do they live? What other animals live in groups? What new things have you learned about ants in this story?
4. Would you rather be a boy or a girl, or an ant?
5. What do you think of the pictures in this story? Can you pick out other parts of it you would like to see illustrated?
6. Find these words in the story and tell what you think they mean: *múr'müred*, *an-ten'næ*, *ī-dē'a*, *pröb'lëms*, *co-cōon'*.

SPRING SONG

BY ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven —
 All's right with the world!



THE LITTLE TADPOLE

BY KATHERINE PYLE

THE brook flows down past the field, around the hill, and through the wood.

There are all sorts of things in the brook: water cress and snails, and little darting fishes, eelgrass and crawfish; and under a stone, where the water is cool and deep, a little brown lizard used to live.

The lizard was a busy little thing, always anxious about something or other. She told the crawfish when to shed their shells; she showed the snails where to find dead leaves; and she attended to everyone else's business as well as her own.

One day when she was crawling up the stream, she saw a tadpole lying in a sunny shallow, with its nose almost out of the water.

"That tadpole oughtn't to lie there in the sun," said

the lizard to herself. "It's too warm. I think I'll tell him." So she crawled up to where the tadpole was lying.

The tadpole only wriggled impatiently, and then lay still, listening. But presently he turned his little dull eyes on the lizard. "I suppose you have often seen birds coming down to the stream to bathe," he said. "Do you think I look anything like one?"

"Like a bird!" cried the lizard. "No, you don't."
10 "Well, I don't see why not," said the tadpole. "To be sure, I haven't any legs, but I have a tail."

"Yes," said the lizard, "but birds have beaks and feathers and wings as well, and you haven't anything but a body and a tail."

15 "That is true," said the tadpole, and he sighed heavily.

As the lizard had said, it was warm up in the shallow where the tadpole lay; but she was curious now as to why the tadpole should want to look like a bird, so
20 she settled herself down more comfortably and went on talking.

"Now, I should like to know," she said, "why you want to look like a bird."

At first the tadpole made no answer; he seemed to be
25 either shy or dull, but when the lizard asked him again, he said, "I don't know."

Then he was silent again; and the lizard was about to go away when the tadpole suddenly went on: "It's

because there seems to be something inside of me that must sing, and I've tried and tried, until all the fishes and even the snails laugh at me, and I can't make a sound. I think if I only had legs, and could hop about like a bird, I could do it."

"But I don't see why you should want to sing," said the lizard. "I never did."

Still, the tadpole seemed so grieved about it that she felt sorry for him and stayed there in the shallow talking to him for quite a long time; and the next morning she went to see him again.

This was the beginning of a friendship between the two; and though the lizard could not understand why the tadpole should wish to sing, she never made fun of him, but tried to think of some plan by which he might learn to do it.

Once she suggested that if he were only up on the shore he might be able to do something about it. So he wriggled himself up half out of the water; but almost immediately he grew so sick that the lizard had to pull him back again by his tail, feeling terribly frightened all the while, lest it should break.

It was the very next morning that the lizard found the tadpole in a state of wild excitement. "Oh, Lizard, Lizard!" he cried, shaking all over from his nose to his tail. "Just look at me! I'm getting legs."

It was true. There they were, still very small and weak, but really legs. The lizard and the tadpole had been too busy talking over how to make them grow to notice that they were already budding. They
5 were still more excited when, soon afterwards, they saw near the front part of the tadpole's body two more little buds; and the lizard was sure these would prove to be wings.

It was a terrible blow to them when they found
10 these were not wings at all, but more legs. "Now it's all over," cried the tadpole, in despair. "It was bad enough not to have wings; but now that I'm getting legs this way, there's no knowing where it'll end."

15 The lizard, too, was almost hopeless, until suddenly she remembered a crawfish she had known who had lost one of his legs in a fight, and it had hardly hurt him at all. She said perhaps she could pull the tadpole's front legs off the same way.

20 He was quite willing for her to try, but at the first twitch she gave he cried out, "Ouch! that hurts!" so the lizard had to stop.

She still thought, however, that something could have been done about it if the tadpole had not been such
25 a coward and had let her pull harder.

But worse was to follow.

One morning, before the lizard was up, the tadpole came wriggling over to the door of her house.

"Lizard, Lizard, come out here," he cried. Then, as soon as she came out, he begged her to get a piece of eelgrass and measure his tail.

"I've been afraid it was shrinking for some time," he said, "and now I'm almost sure of it. I have such strange feelings, too. Sometimes I feel as though I must have air, and I get up on a stone so that I'm almost out of the water, and only then am I comfortable."

Hastily the lizard got the eelgrass and measured. Then they sat staring at each other in dismay. The tail was almost gone!

Still the lizard would not give up all hope.

That same crawfish that had lost a leg lived farther down the stream, and he was very old and wise. She would get him to come and look at the tadpole and give his advice.

So the kindly little lizard bustled away, and soon she came back to where the tadpole was lying, and the crawfish came with her, twiddling his feelers, and staring both ways with his goggle eyes.

"Sick tadpole!" he cried. "This is no tadpole!" Then, coming closer, the crawfish went on: "Why are you lying here? Why aren't you over in the swamp singing with all the rest of them? Don't you know you are a frog?"

"A frog!" cried the lizard.

But the young tadpole frog leaped clear out of the brook with a joyous cry.

"A frog!" he shouted. "Why, that's the best of all! If that's true, I must say good-by, little Lizard. Hey for the wide green swamp and the loud frog chorus under the light of the moon! Good-by, little friend, good-by! I shall never forget what you have done for me."

So the frog went away to join his brothers.

The little lizard felt quite lonely for a while after the frog had gone; but she comforted herself by
10 thinking how happy he must be.

Often in the twilight, or when the moon was bright, she listened to the chorus of frogs as they sang over in the swamp, and wondered if the one who sang so much louder and deeper than the rest was the little
15 frog who had tried so hard to be a bird.

"After all," she said to herself, "there are more ways of singing than one."

— *Prose and Verse for Children.*

1. What is a tadpole? How does it differ from a frog?
2. Name ten objects that may be found in or near a brook in summer time.
3. Have you ever seen a lizard? A crawfish? Where? Describe them.
4. What other animals live in the water?
5. Word Study:

wrig'gled — Moved uneasily back and forth.

eel'grass — A plant with narrow leaves which grows in shallow water.

büs'tled — Hurried.

JACK FROST

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

You have often seen the frost pictures on the window panes. These pictures are frozen bits of moisture from your breath, or steam from your mother's cooking. Below is what a poet sees in these pictures when he gets up of a cold morning. What have you seen?

THE door was shut as doors should be
Before you went to bed last night ;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your windows silver white.

He must have waited till you slept, 5
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away before you woke.

And now you cannot see the trees
Or fields that stretch beyond the lane, 10
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high,
Hills and dales and streams and fields,
And knights in armor riding by 15
With nodding plumes and shining shields ;

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze ;

And yonder, palm trees waving fair,
And islands set in silver seas ;

And butterflies with gauzy wings ;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep ;
5 And fruits and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe
10 And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam ;
And when you wake, you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

1. Name the frost pictures the author sees. Did he live in the country or the city?

2. What does Jack Frost do besides draw pictures? What kind of noises does he make? In what months of the year do you see him? What children have never seen him? What children know him best?

3. Word Study :

ar'mor — Clothes of iron.

gauzy (gôz'y) — Thin, light.

dales — Valleys.

knights (nîts) — Mounted warriors of olden times.



THE ANXIOUS LEAF

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

The author of this selection was a famous American preacher who liked the Out-of-Doors. He tells us here about the changing colors of the leaves and their falling to the ground.

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

The leaf said, "The wind just now told me that one day it will pull me off and throw me down to lie on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long, until October. When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw that all the leaves around were becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet and some striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant; and the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

10 Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?"

15 "We must keep on our working clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking about it, and the wind took it up
20 and turned it over and over and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. Then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.

1. Bring to the class to-morrow the prettiest autumn leaf you can find. What kind of leaf is it? Draw a picture of it. Tell its story.

2. How many kinds of leaves do you know? When do leaves come on the trees? When do they fall? What makes them fall?

LAUGHING SONG

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

This little poem tells of the happiness of all Nature in the summer time. Notice that everything and everybody are laughing. After reading it several times, try to repeat it.

WHEN the green woods laugh with voice of joy
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it ;
When the meadows laugh with lively green, 5
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene ;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing “Ha, ha, he !”
When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread : 10
Come, live and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, ha, he !”



FANCIFUL TALES

"Tell me a story!" That is the cry of young and old everywhere. And story-tellers have spun us tales and tales, but never enough. It is these "made-up" stories that we like best to read. They are the Tales of Fancy—the kind of story we ourselves like most to daydream over.



THE MAGIC BOWL

BY JACOB ABBOTT

Jacob Abbott was a famous teacher, preacher, and writer in the days of your grandfathers and grandmothers. He was always fond of boys and girls. He had a little hilly farm of four acres in Maine, where he played with his children and where he wrote many of his best child stories. Many of his tales are real happenings to the children on his country place. In this story you will meet one of his friends, Beechnut.

MANY years ago in a pleasant country home among the White Mountains, there lived a happy family of boys and girls. These children were always busy, working or learning or playing; and so every day they found some new way of helping or amusing one another.

One of the boys was called "Beechnut," although that was only a nickname. He was old enough to do a good deal of work on the farm, and he knew how to tell many pleasant stories. A little girl whose name was Malleville was visiting at the farm, and she never grew tired of listening to Beechnut.

One bright winter day Malleville came into the shed where Beechnut was sawing wood. He was glad to have her company. He threw a bearskin over some smooth logs at one end of the woodpile, and thus made a comfortable seat for her.

"I wish you would tell me a story, Beechnut," said Malleville.

So Beechnut began as follows:—



"Once there was a giant, a great ugly giant, with a terrible face and a big black club. He lived in a den."

"But I don't want to hear such a story as that," said Malleville. "I don't like to hear about giants, it frightens me so."

"Oh, this story won't frighten you. This was a good giant."

"But you said he was ugly."

"He looked ugly, that was all. I said he looked ugly."

"What was his name?" asked Malleville.

"His name," said Beechnut, "his name — why, his name was — Gol-go-ron-do."

"I don't believe he was good," said Malleville, shaking her head.

"He was, truly," said Beechnut, turning round and

looking at Malleville very earnestly. "He was a good giant, indeed."

"Then what did he want of the great black club?" said Malleville.

5 "Why, it only looked like a club. It was hollow and there was something inside. He could unscrew the handle, and draw it out like a sword out of a sword cane."

"What was inside of it?"

10 "A long and beautiful feather. Well, one day Golgorondo was sitting at the mouth of the den, very sick and very thirsty. A boy came along with a red cap on his head.

"'Red Cap, Red Cap!' said the giant. 'I have a 15 fever and I am thirsty. Won't you take this mug and bring me a cup of water from the spring?'

"'I can't go now,' said Red Cap; 'I want to go and play.'

"'Very well, run along,' said Golgorondo.

20 "Soon a girl came by with a green ribbon on her hat.

"'Green Ribbon, Green Ribbon!' said the giant. 'I have a fever and I am thirsty. Please take this mug down to the spring and get me a good cool drink 25 of water.'

"'I'm afraid of you,' said Green Ribbon; 'you look so ugly; I want to run home.'

"'Well, run along, then,' said the giant.

"In a little while another boy came along. He wore a blue cap on his head.

" 'Blue Cap, Blue Cap!' said Golgorondo. 'I have a fever and I am thirsty. Won't you take this mug and go down to the spring and get me a good cool drink of water?'

" 'Yes,' said Blue Cap, 'I will.'

"So Blue Cap took the mug and went down to the spring and brought back a mugful of water for the giant. When he had drunk it all, Blue Cap asked if he wanted any more.

" 'One mugful more,' said Golgorondo.

"So Blue Cap went down and brought back a mugful of water for the giant. When he had drunk it all, Blue Cap asked if he wanted any more. 15

" 'One mugful more,' said Golgorondo.

"So Blue Cap went down and brought up one mugful more. Then the giant said, 'Now I shall get well to-night. Come and see me to-morrow, and I will reward you for going to the spring and bringing me three mugs of water.' "

"And did he get well?" asked Malleville.

"Yes, and the next day Blue Cap came again."

"And what did the giant give him?"

"A magic bowl," said Beechnut, "a magic silver bowl. He went into his den and opened the door of a little cupboard that stood by the wall. He took out a beautiful bowl. It had a sort of saucer under it,



and a cover on the top. And all over it there were beautiful pictures cut in the silver. On the handle for taking the cover off was the picture of a handsome dog. A little below, upon the side of the cover, was the picture of a hunter and a hare.

“The giant told Blue Cap that the charm of the bowl was in the hunter and the hare. By means of the bowl he could have anything he wanted that was good to eat, provided that he was a good poet.

10 “It was done this way: He was to put the cover on the bowl and take it in his lap. Then he must say something about the hunter and the hare for one line, and make another line to rime with it, asking for whatever he wanted.

15 “For example, he might say, —

‘Silver huntsman, hunting a hare,
Open your goblet, give me a pear’;

and then, opening the bowl, he would find the pear inside."

"And would he, truly?" asked Malleville.

"Certainly," said Beechnut. "Blue Cap took the bowl and put it in his lap. Then he said, — 5

'Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me, if you please, a pear.'

"Blue Cap opened the bowl and there he found a large, ripe, mellow pear. All this time the giant was sitting at the door of his den." 10

"I should like such a bowl," said Malleville.

"Blue Cap ate the pear, and then he wanted another. So he put on the cover of the bowl and said again, —

'Silver hunter, silver hare,
I want a sweet and juicy pear.' 15

"Then he opened the bowl, and there was nothing in it.

"'That won't do,' said the giant. 'The same poetry must not be used twice in the same day. You must make some new lines.' 20

"So Blue Cap thought a minute and then he said, —

'Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me an apple and a pear.'"

"And did he get an apple and a pear?" asked Malleville. 25

"Yes," said Beechnut; "only the pear was not quite so large as the other one. Blue Cap put the

apple and the pear in his pocket, and thanked the giant for the bowl. He then went home, carrying the bowl under his arm.

"When he got home, he showed the bowl to his sister, and they tried to make some new lines; but they found it very hard. At last they thought of this, —

'Silver hunter, climbing high,
Give me a piece of apple pie.'"

"And did they get a piece of apple pie?" asked
10 Malleville.

"A whole one," said Beechnut. "There was a whole pie, as large as would go into the bowl, with beautiful figures of dogs and horses and huntsmen on the crust."

"Oh, what a good bowl!" said Malleville. "I wish
15 I had such a bowl. The first thing I would ask for would be a good big apple to roast."

"Why, I know magic enough to get you an apple to roast," said Beechnut.

So he went to the woodpile where Malleville was
20 sitting, and kneeled down.

"I'll get you an apple from under this log," he said.

So he covered over the end of the log with the bearskin very carefully, and then told Malleville to put the ends of her two forefingers together on her lap and
25 be sure that she did not move until he had given the word.

"Now watch your fingers while I speak the magic words," he said.

So Malleville watched her fingers very closely while Beechnut repeated these lines, half singing and half speaking, —

"Under	the end of	the chestnut	tree,	
Malleville,	Malleville,	peep and	see,	5
One for	you and	none for	mee,	
Bobolink,	bobolink,	pee-dee,	dee."	

Then he lifted up the bearskin a little and let Malleville peep in. There she saw a fine large apple lying on the chips. 10

Beechnut had had this apple in his pocket. While Malleville was watching her fingers, he had reached his arm back into the woodpile and dropped the apple through a crevice. Thence it had rolled down to the end of the log, where Malleville found it. 15

Beechnut told Malleville that she must not eat the apple, but must keep it to roast when she went into the house.

That night as she was going upstairs to bed, Malleville began to tell her cousins the story of Golgorondo and the bowl. They stopped at the head of the stairs to finish the story. 20

Malleville could not remember the poetry very well. She said that the first line was "Silver huntsman, silver rabbit," but she had forgotten the other line. 25 She thought and thought, and tried again. But she could not get beyond "Silver huntsman, silver rabbit."

"Oh, I guess it was this way," said one of the little girls, —

"Silver huntsman, silver rabbit,
Give me an apple, and I'll grab it."

5 The children laughed loud and long at this funny rime, and then went to their rooms.

— *Adventures of a Country Boy.*

1. Tell the story of the Magic Bowl. Do you like the story? Why?

2. What kind of boy was Beechnut? Do you think you would like him? Why? What do you think of Malleville? What is a giant? Can you tell any other giant story?

3. Is there any such thing as a magic bowl? We sometimes hear of the "magic of kindness"; what does that mean?

4. Pronounce these words. Explain the meaning of ten of them.

com'fort-a-ble

cup'board

crēv'ice

ear'nest-ly

sau'cer

cous'ins

mug'ful

pro-vid'ed

bob'o-link

re-ward'

rīme

a-mus'ing

mag'ic

po'et-ry

Gol-go-ron'do

LOST

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost ;

For want of a shoe, the horse was lost ;

For want of a horse, the rider was lost ;

For want of a rider, the battle was lost ;

5 For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost ;

And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.



THE TOYS TALK OF THE WORLD

BY KATHERINE PYLE

It is night, and the toyshop is all closed up tight on the outside. But inside the toys are busy. They are telling each other what the world looks like as they see it. And here is what they say.

I SHOULD like," said the vase from the china store,
"To have seen the world a little more.

"When they brought me here I was wrapped up tight,
But they say it is really a lovely sight."

"Yes," said a little plaster bird ;

5

"That is exactly what *I* have heard ;

"There are thousands of trees, and oh, what a sight
It must be when the candles are all alight !"

The fat top rolled on his other side.

"It is not in the least like that," he cried.

20

"Except myself and the kite and ball,
None of you know of the world at all.

"There are houses and pavements hard and red,
And everything spins around," he said ;

"Sometimes it goes slowly, and sometimes fast,
And often it stops with a bump at last."

5 The wooden donkey nodded his head ;
"I had heard the world was like that," he said.

The kite and the ball exchanged a smile,
But they did not speak ; it was not worth while.

1. Which of the toys talk? What does each say? Have you known people like the top? What other toys might have talked? What could they have said?

2. Why did the kite and ball smile? What did the world look like to them?

3. What is a china store? Why is it so called? What is a plaster bird? What kind of trees did this bird talk about?

DANDELIONS

THERE surely is a gold mine somewhere under-
neath the grass,

For dandelions are popping out in every place you
pass.

5 But if you want to gather some, you'd better not
delay,

For the gold will turn to silver soon and all will blow
away.



THE WONDERFUL WATERFALL

ONCE there was a poor woodcutter who toiled early and late for a living. He worked harder than others, because he loved his old father and mother dearly and wished to give them all the good things of life. But though he was more diligent than any other woodcutter of the village, he never seemed able to gain enough sen to buy saké and tea, but only enough for rice and bread.

One day he climbed high up on the mountain to find the best wood. It was a very steep mountain,¹⁰ and no one else would try to climb so high. So he worked alone. Chop, chop! His ax broke the stillness and soon he had a goodly pile of logs.

Stopping for a moment to rest, he saw a badger lying asleep under a tree, and he thought to himself, "Aha,¹⁵ my fine little beastie! You will make a rich morsel for my father's supper. He and my mother have not tasted meat for many a day."

The longer he looked at the badger, however, the less he wanted to kill him. He was such a little crea-²⁰ ture and it seemed mean to kill a sleeping thing and one so much smaller than himself!

"No," he said to himself at last, "I cannot kill him! I will but work the harder that I may earn money to buy my parents some meat!"

Now the badger seemed to understand the young woodcutter. He opened one eye and then the other. Then he blinked saucily at him.

"Thank you," he said. "That was a wise conclusion."

The young man dropped his ax and jumped high into the air, so great was his astonishment at hearing a badger talk.

"You couldn't kill me if you tried," said the badger. "Besides, I am far more useful to you alive than dead. And now, because you have proved yourself of a kind heart, I will show you kindness. Bring me the flat, white stone which lies beneath yonder pine tree."

The woodcutter turned to obey, and suddenly stopped in wonder. Spread upon the stone was the finest feast he had ever seen. There were rice and saké, fish and dango, and other good things. He sighed as he looked, for he wished he could take the food home to his parents.

"Sit and eat," said the badger, who answered his thoughts as if they had been spoken. "Your father and mother shall eat the same."

The woodcutter obeyed, but when he tried to thank his little friend, he saw that the badger was gone and that, just where he had sat, there was a sparkling,

tinkling waterfall. It rippled over stones and crags and sang a sweet little song, and as the woodcutter stooped to drink of it, lo! the waterfall flowed with saké! It was the richest he had ever tasted and he filled his gourd with it and hurried home to share it with his parents.

When he arrived there and had told his story, his mother smiled and said, "Thou art a good son."

"We have fared as well," his father said, "for we found spread for us just such a feast as yours, though we knew not at all whence it came."

Next day the young man went early to his work. As he climbed the mountain he saw, to his surprise, a troop of woodcutters following him, and each carried a gourd. Some one had overheard him tell his father of the waterfall which flowed saké, and all the woodcutters of the village wished to taste of the wonderful drink.

When they drank, however, they were filled with rage, for to them the waterfall flowed only water. Then they reviled the youth and cried:

"Base one, you have beguiled us here on false pretenses! You have spoken falsely! We have toiled here for nothing! You are an evil fellow!"

But he replied calmly, "I did not ask you to come. For me the waterfall flows saké still, as sweet as yester-eve."

They went away in great anger, and as they went

the waterfall seemed almost to laugh, so gayly did it tinkle over the stones. When the woodcutter drank, however, the laughter turned to music and a sweet voice crooned a gentle song:—

8 “Saké for him who is kind,
 Water for those who seek self,
 Saké for him who is kind!”

Thereafter it was the same. Whenever the woodcutter, worn with toil, stooped to drink from the
10 sparkling waterfall, or at night when he filled his gourd to bear to his father at home, the saké flowed free and clear and delicious. And ever the tinkling voice repeated over and over to the music of waters falling,

“Saké to him who is kind.”

—NIXON-ROULET'S *Japanese Folk and Fairy Tales*.

1. This is a Fanciful Tale of the Japanese. What do you know about Japan? Where is it?

2. Re-read the story silently, as rapidly as you can. Then tell its main points in a few words.

3. Sa'ke (pronounced sā'ka) is a favorite drink in Japan, like soda water or grape juice in this country. Sen is a piece of money worth about half a cent. Dän'go is a kind of dumpling.

4. Learn to spell and define:

dil'i-gent	bēast'ie	blīnked	cōn-clu'sion	re-viled'
badg'er	as-tōn'ish-ment	ō-bey'	calm'ly	be-guiled'
toil	de-li'cious	sau'cī-ly	gourd	crooned



- THE CHILDREN AND THE DOG

This is a Chinese story, and a favorite with the little yellow boys and girls of China.

WOO-SING lived near the market place and all the children thought him a very wonderful man. He trained fine dogs to do almost everything but talk. If one wanted a dog educated, Woo-Sing was the man to take him to. Whether for hunting, for performing tricks in public places or from door to door — anything, all things, Woo-Sing could teach his dogs. This is why the children thought him a wonderful man.

It came time for Woo-Sing's little boy to learn how to teach dogs. So one day he brought his son a very young one from the market place. Then he told him how the dog should be taught. It would take three years to teach him all : to play soldier with a gun, to dance, to bow his head, to kneel, to play churn the rice, to swim in water with a boy on his back, or to take a basket and go from door to door and beg rice and money for his master. Even then his training was not complete until he could hunt the fox, the gibbon, the mouse deer, and other animals.

Woo-Sing's little boy had been named Yong-Yung, which in Chinese means "forever." The reason for the name was this: Woo-Sing had been given many sons, but they had all died young, so when the last one came he named him Forever, for he said, "He will then live a long time and I shall not be childless."

Yong-Yung called his dog Si-Long, which means "for fun." He was a very wise dog and learned so many tricks in a short time that he was known and admired by all the boys in the country around.

One day a crowd of children coming home from school met Si-Long in the road. They all shouted, "Here is Yong-Yung's dog. Now we will have some fun and make him do all his tricks for us."

So one boy said, "Here, Si-Long! Come here," but the dog would not even notice him. Then another boy pulled his tail because he would not obey; and Si-Long bit the boy's finger and growled, and the boy ran home crying.

Another boy said, "Now see me. I will make him take me on his back for a swim in the water as he takes Yong-Yung;" and he caught Si-Long roughly and tried to pull him into the water. But the dog pulled his clothes and growled so fiercely that the boys scattered and ran home.

One of the boys, Ah-Gum, told his mother what had happened, and how angry they all were at the dog,

who needed a beating, as they thought. "When Yong-Yung has visitors, Si-Long kneels and bows and does all his tricks for him; why would he not do them for us, Ah-Ma? How can we make him do the tricks for us?" 5

"Well, my son," said his mother, "you wanted the dog to do many things for you. Have you ever done anything for the dog? You are a stranger to him. Did you ever give him anything to eat or drink?"

"Try this," continued the mother. "To-morrow, 10
take a bowl of rice, put a little meat and gravy with it, and give it to the dog. Speak kindly to him and pet him. Do this two or three times and he will surely like and trust you. Then he will do for you all he knows how to do. 15

"You will find people in the world are just the same, my son. Do not expect people to do things for you when you do nothing for them, for that is not right. You must give, if you expect to receive, and it is better to give first." 20

1. How do you know that this is a story of China? Where is China? What do you know about the people who live there?

2. Observe the strange names: Woo-Sing; Yong-Yung; Si-Long; Ah-Gum; Ah-Ma; gibbon = An ape.

3. What lesson may American children learn from this story?

4. Word Study: per-form'ing; com-plete'; child'less; ad-mired'; nō'tice; fierce'ly; re-ceive'; ex-pēct'. Find these in the lesson and explain what each means.



THE WISHING-GATE

BY LOUISE CHOLLET

In the story of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," the boy had only to touch his lamp and wish, and his wish was fulfilled. You would like to have such a lamp. The following story tells you of a boy who would never be an Aladdin.

BLUNDER was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for something. He thought that he would like to have a pair of ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.

People say that you can have your wish if you once get to that gate. But the thing is to find it.

It is not a gate with a sign at the top like this :

WISHING-GATE

It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are plenty of old stiles in meadows, and how are you to know which is the right one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to follow the road and ask the way of the first owl he met. Over and over again she charged him; for Blunder was a very careless little boy and seldom found anything. "Be sure you don't miss him — be sure you don't pass him by." 20

"No, indeed, I won't," said Blunder.

So he followed the straight road till he came to a place where it forked. And there he stopped, wondering which way to go.

An old brown owl was nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. He was a little afraid to wake him up. The fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study frogs.

He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" 25

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know you wanted one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" 30

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angrily. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me by asking such a question? Do you take me

for a milestone? Follow your nose, my boy; follow your nose, and you'll get there by and by."

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or lead him through the woods, whichever way his legs went.

"What was the use of asking the owl," he thought, "if that was all he could say?"

A chipmunk came down the path, and seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

10 "Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk politely.

"But if you follow the brook you will find an old water sprite sitting on a slanting stone. He can tell you."

15 "What is a water sprite?" asked Blunder.

"You'll know when you see him," was the reply.

Blunder followed the brook but he saw nothing of the water sprite or of the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, "I don't know where he is,"
20 when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree over there you will find a crow. He can show you the way,"
25 for he is a great traveler."

"I don't know where the pine tree is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder.

Still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired and out of patience, he sat down to rest.

He looked around him, and right at his elbow he saw a morning-glory elf.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" he asked.

"No," said the elf. "I don't know anything about geography. But if you keep on this path, you will meet the Dream Man. He is coming from fairyland, with his bag of dreams on his shoulder. He can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, if anybody can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him." 15

There was no help for it but to go on. Soon Blunder passed the Dream Man asleep under a thorn bush. He had his bags of good and bad dreams beside him.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it." Then his mother or sister went and found it for him.

He passed the Dream Man without seeing him.

Then he went on until he met a Jack-o'-Lantern. 25

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"With pleasure," answered Jack. He caught up

his lantern and started off at once, saying: "This way. Follow me."

Blunder followed close. In watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled
5 with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the treetops.

"I can't come up there," sobbed Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack,
10 merrily dancing out of sight.

A very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go home."

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten
15 stump. It was a wood goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs. He started up
20 in a fright at the clash and clatter. When he found that his house was not tumbling down about his ears, he went stumping down to the kitchen to see what was the matter.

The cook heard him and tried to hide Blunder.

25 "Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room you will find a pair of shoes. Jump into them and they will take you up the chimney."

Blunder ran into the room. The shoes were standing there in a corner, but of course he did not see them, for he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

"I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" he sobbed, running back to the cook. 5

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. "I don't know where it is!" he cried out.

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was halfway down the stairs. 10

"Jump into the meal chest," cried the cook.

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing toward the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! clump! The goblin was at the foot of the stairs. He was coming toward the door of 15 the kitchen.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg," whispered the cook. "Get into that."

Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest. But he 20 caught his foot in it, tumbled down, pulled the cloak over him. There he lay, very still.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.

"Only my pans, master," answered the cook. 25

As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again. The cook hurried to bring

the fairy shoes from the next room, and Blunder after much ado managed to get his feet into them.

"Now, good-by," said the cook. "Take care not to blunder into a goblin's house again."

The shoes carried Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable. He was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, and he did not know the way home. Presently he came to an old stile. He climbed up, and sat down
10 on top of it. He was too tired to stir.

Just then along came the South Wind, and as he was going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, but he would have liked it better
15 if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," said the Wind. "I saw a hen that starved to death while sitting close by a bushel of grain. And I saw a little
20 boy that sat on top of the Wishing-Gate and then asked me to carry him home because he could not find it."

"What! What's that?" cried Blunder — but just then he found himself at home.

25 His fairy godmother was sitting by the fire. She took Blunder's hand in her own, and kissed him gently.

"What luck? What luck?" cried everybody else.

"Where is the Wishing-Gate?" But the fairy godmother said nothing.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder.
"I couldn't find it."

1. Read the whole of this story silently, then try to repeat it in your own words.

2. What is meant by Wishing-Gate? Do you think there is really any such gate? What is a stile?

3. What is a fairy godmother?

4. Why did Blunder's fairy godmother send him to an owl? Why are owls supposed to be very wise birds?

5. Tell what you think these are: a chipmunk; a water sprite; a crow; a morning-glory elf; Jack-o'-Lantern; a goblin; an invisible cloak; the South Wind.

6. How many of the objects mentioned above are real? Which are fanciful?

7. Do you know by this time what is meant by "Fanciful Tales"?

THE WISE MICE

SIX little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.

"What are you at, my little men?"

"Making coats for gentlemen."

"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"

"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll snip off our heads."

"Oh, no, I'll not, I'll help you to spin."

"That may be so, but you don't come in!"

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

*He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.*

S. T. COLERIDGE





A DOG'S OWN STORY

I AM a collie, and my name is Don. When I was very young I lived in the country with some people who kept a great many horses. I slept in the barn, and there I made friends with a race horse who sometimes shared his stall with me.

The name of the race horse was Silvermane, and he was a beautiful fellow — so tall and slender and graceful. He used to tell me wonderful stories of the races he had won, and how proud it made him feel to go like the wind and have everybody cheering as he reached the winning post.

My young master was very fond of dogs and horses, and he often rode out across the fields and through the woods with a pack of hounds at his heels. I didn't care much for the hounds, for I didn't like their manners; but I loved all the horses, they were such fine fellows.

One day Silvermane looked so unhappy that I asked him what was the matter. He whinnied softly in my

ear and said that he was only uneasy about our master.

"He will ride that new sorrel colt," he said, "and I'm afraid there'll be an accident some day. The colt is gentle enough, but it stumbles often, and if it should fall with the master when he is riding hard, he may be badly hurt. I wish he would always let me carry him."

Silvermane was quite right. Before another week had passed, the sorrel colt stumbled and threw my master against a stone wall. They picked him up and carried him home; but I don't know what they did with him, for we were all shut up in the stables and not allowed to go out for several days. Then when we were set free I looked everywhere for the master, but I never saw him again.

After a while a whole family of boys and girls came to the house, and each one was given a dog. The bigger boys chose the hounds, but I was taken by a jolly little chap named Arthur.

My child master had merry blue eyes and long golden hair, and he was never afraid of anything. I loved Arthur very much, and it was my delight to follow him wherever he went.

I can never forget the time when the child took into his head to play Brave Knight. A long way from our house there was an old building that had once been used as a mill. The children had been told never

to go there alone; but I think Arthur had forgotten, or perhaps he had not heard aright when the caution was given to the other boys.

Early one morning, when nobody was near, the child slipped out by the back way; and I followed him as usual. "Come, Don," he said, "I am the Knight of the Green Forest, and I am going to my castle. You are my squire and must do as I bid you."

So he trudged along through the woods, swinging his wooden sword in the air, and boasting how he would defend his castle against every enemy. When we reached the old mill, I tried to persuade him to return home; for it was a lonely, dangerous place, and I didn't like it. But instead of doing as I wished, he played that I was an enemy who had come to attack his castle. He charged upon me with his sword, made me his prisoner, and dragged me into a dark room which he called a dungeon.

I suppose that this kind of play was very amusing to him, but it was not so to me. During all that pleasant morning, he played at driving make-believe enemies away from his castle, while I lay in the dungeon as a prisoner. I was very glad when he became tired of being a brave knight.

It must have been about noon when he threw open the dungeon door and gave me my freedom. "Come, Don," he said, "we'll just explore the old tower, and then we'll go home to dinner."

He squeezed through a narrow door at the foot of some stairs, and I followed him. When he saw how the stairs reached up to a kind of tower on the roof, he was so excited that he did not notice how rotten they were and ready to fall. He wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him of the danger, but rushed upward as fast as he could climb.

The next moment there was an awful crash, and we were both thrown backward and downward with great force. The air was full of dust and falling pieces of rotted timber. I got upon my feet as quickly as I could, and looked around.

The door was so filled with what had fallen that there was not room enough to squeeze my body through it. Half covered over by the ruins, my little master was lying white and still, with part of a heavy beam across one leg. I scrambled up to him and licked his face. He opened his eyes, but could not speak.

I tried to find some way to get out of the dreadful place, but there was none. I could do nothing but sit by my master and try to cheer him a little.

I don't know how long I sat there, but it seemed hours and hours. Then I began to grow desperate. Just above us there was a hole in the wall — it may have been a small window. It was very high, but a broken beam had fallen so that one end rested against it. If I could only scramble up that beam, I might get out of the place and run for help.

I tried it and succeeded. The hole in the wall was a great distance from the ground, but I jumped and landed in a heap of brush. One of my legs was sprained so badly that I could not use it, but I hobbled home as fast as I could. I found all the people wild with alarm and ready to set out in search of little Arthur. But they were glad to see me, I'm sure.

I turned around at once, and limped back all the way to the old mill to show them where my master was. How happy they were when they saw him! They lifted him tenderly out from among the rubbish, and carried him home. His mother wept for joy, and everybody petted and fondled me as though I had done something wonderful.

When Arthur was quite well again, which was not very soon, he was sent to school in town. I was never so lonely in my life; but when he came back, as he did in the vacations, I made up for his absence by following him everywhere.

"Don, you are my dog — and you shall always be my dog," he would say. And I tried to reply that he is my boy and will always be my boy.

1. Who tells this story? Who is the hero? Did the dog think he had done anything wonderful?

2. Tell the story briefly in your own words.

3. Try to use the following words from the story in sentences of your own:

grāce'ful
trūdged

whīn'nied
per-suāde'

sōr'rel
ēn'e-my

cau'tion
dūn'geon

FAMOUS DOGS



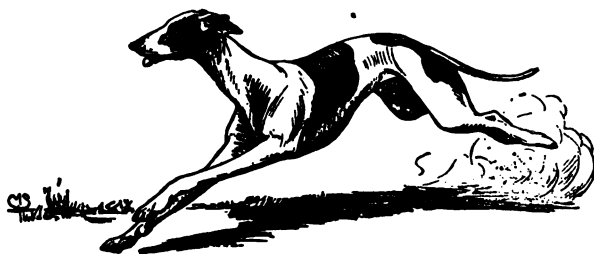
MY name is Barry, of the St. Bernard ;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying
To guide the lost and rescue the dying.
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told.



The Spaniel am I, — in Spain I was found ;
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile, and wise ;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes ;
Should you treat me well or treat me ill,
As long as I live I'll love you still.



I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold ;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I'm sometimes rough in my bounding play, —
Please to excuse it, 'tis only my way, —
And many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depth of the pitiless wave.



I am the Greyhound, so slim, you know ;
I came from Asia long, long ago.
In Turkey, I'm called the "dog of the street" ;
In Russia, I the wolf can beat ;
In Italy, I am a lady's pet :
All over the world my race is met.



I am the Mastiff, a watchdog true ;
Many a noble deed I do ;
To guard your homes I take delight ;
My bay sounds far through the silent night.
I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear ;
My friends I protect ; let my foes beware.



I am the dog of the Eskimo ;
I drag their sledges over the snow ;
I can run and leap ; I laugh at the cold ;
I'm useful, hardy, strong, and bold.
In an icebound hut with my master I dwell ;
I toil for him, and he loves me well.

FAMOUS DOGS

77

1. How many dogs are named in this lesson? Tell what you know about each.
2. Make a list of as many other dogs as you have seen or read about. Describe each. Which is your favorite?
3. Do you know any good dog story? If so, repeat it to the class.
4. Pronounce these words carefully. Which of them refer to countries?

St. Ber-nard'
Es'ki-mō
Rūs'sia
rēs'cūe

Spān'ish
Spāin
It'a-ly
cōn'quered

grey'hound
New'found-land
A'sia
rē-nowned'

mas'tiff
Tur'key
dōc'ile
pit'i-less





RAGGLES

The brave deeds of horses are recorded in many famous stories. But none are finer than this act of a little Western pony.

ONE cold morning in March a poor, ragged-looking little Indian pony came up the road to Mr. Hudson's cattle ranch. He stopped at the gate and looked wistfully through the bars at the stacks of fodder and hay in the barnyard; and then, to make his want known, he neighed timidly two or three times and stamped his feet on the frozen ground.

"What horse is that?" asked Mr. Hudson, who was sitting at his breakfast.

His little daughter Lillian looked out and saw the pony at the gate. "Oh, it's the funniest, raggedest little creature you ever saw, and he's all alone," she said.

"It's some stray pony from the other side of the prairie, no doubt," said Mr. Hudson.

"But what makes him so thin and ragged?" asked Lillian.

5 "That's because nobody takes care of him. His master, whoever he may be, has turned him out to shift for himself; and it's pretty hard for a pony to find much food on the bare prairie at this time of the year."

10 "He must be very hungry," said Lillian. "Shan't we put him in the barn and give him a good breakfast?"

"He doesn't belong to us," answered her father. "If I should drive him out of the lane he will probably find his way home again."

15 "But see how cold he is," said Lillian. "I'm sure it will do no harm to let him come in a while."

So Mr. Hudson told her to open the gate, and the pony walked in as if he were at home. They gave him a warm stall in the barn and the best breakfast he had
20 eaten in many a day.

The little fellow must have wandered many miles; for although Mr. Hudson made inquiries among all his friends and neighbors he could not find any owner. So Lillian claimed him and named him "Raggles"
25 because of his tangled mane and tail.

Raggles soon became a great pet. He was gentle and quick to learn, and his little mistress often took long rides upon his back.

Every morning during the fall and winter Raggles carried Lillian across the prairie to the nearest school, two miles away. Then, when she alighted, he turned and trotted back home. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian. If he got to school too early, he would wait patiently at the door till she came out. He seemed to know exactly what was expected of him.

At last one day in midwinter there came a dreadful snowstorm. It was so sudden and so severe that many¹⁰ people lost their lives, and thousands of cattle on the prairies were frozen to death.

Lillian was at school as usual. The storm began at noon, and the air grew terribly cold. The snow blew so thick and fast that people who were out of¹⁵ doors could see only a little way ahead of them; and several men and boys were frozen to death while trying to go from their barns back to their houses. The roads and paths and even the fences and hedges were soon hidden under the snow.

20

How would Lillian get home from school in such a storm as this? Mr. Hudson was ill in bed, and he was afraid that Raggles could not be trusted to go. But Mrs. Hudson went to the barn, saddled the pony, and tied a bundle of warm wraps for Lillian on his²⁵ back. Then she stroked his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian straight and safe home.

He seemed to understand, and trotted briskly out

in the face of the dreadful storm. How could he find his way over the trackless, snow-covered prairie?

An hour passed, and the storm became fiercer and fiercer. Two hours went by; it was growing dark, and the anxiety of Lillian's parents became terrible. Then, to their great joy, the shaggy form of Raggles was seen through the blinding snow, and on his back sat Lillian, bundled up, warm and safe, in the wraps which her mother had sent.

10 The teacher had helped her on the pony, and Raggles had bravely battled his way through the storm to bear his little mistress home.

1. What is a cattle ranch? Where are cattle ranches to be found?

2. What is a prairie? In what part of our country are there prairies?

3. Did you think Raggles would be lost in the storm? Why was he called "Raggles"?

4. Words to pronounce and spell:

wist'ful-ly	tīm'id-ly	crēa'ture	prāi'rie
prōb'a-bly	neigh'bors	tān'gled	pā'tient-ly
tēr'ri-bly	anx-i'e-ty	shāg'gy	bāt'tled

5. Ask your teacher or librarian for other good horse stories. Read Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*.





THE HORSE'S PRAYER TO HIS MASTER

TO Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer : Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice, often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want,¹⁰ but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders so that,¹⁵ I cannot see behind me, as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will

drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not fix my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, and by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth. First warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

And finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some human brute, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.

1. Have you ever seen a horse abused? How? By whom? How many abuses does this prayer mention? Is there any part of it you do not understand? How can you help answer this prayer?

2. Why should we be kind to all animals? In most communities there are societies to protect animals of all kinds against suffering. Find what these are where you live. Get their books and bring them to class. Perhaps you and your classmates will wish to form a club to protect birds, or to prevent cruelty to horses, or to make a home for stray cats and dogs.



NICHOLAS NYE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

THISTLE and darnel and dock grew there,
And a bush, in the corner, of may,
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
In the blazing heat of the day;
Half asleep and half awake,
While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and gray,
Lame of a leg and old,
More than a score of donkey's years
He had seen since he was foaled;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn his head, as if he said,
"Poor Nicholas Nye!"

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
Lazily swinging his tail,
At break of day he used to bray, —
Not much too hearty and hale;

But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
And a clear calm light in his eye,
And once in a while he'd smile : —
Would Nicholas Nye.

5 Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
From his bush, in the corner, of may, —
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
Knobble-kneed, lonely, and gray ;
And over the grass would seem to pass
10 'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
15 The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine ;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
20 Old Nicholas Nye.

1. Do you like Nicholas? Why? What do you think of his name?

2. Describe him. How old was he? Was he well fed? Was he happy? Were he and the boy good friends?

3. Find and explain these words: thistle; darnel; dock; may
hale; gumption; ownerless; knobble-kneed.



THE HORSE

BY JAMES STEPHENS

A SPARROW hopped about the street,
And he was not a bit afraid ;
He flew between a horse's feet,
And ate his supper undismayed :
I think myself the horse knew well 5
The bird came for the grains that fell.

For his eye was looking down,
And he danced the corn about
In his nose bag, till the brown
Grains of corn were tumbled out ; 10
And I fancy that he said,
“Eat it up, young Speckle-Head !”

The driver then came back again,
He climbed into the heavy dray ;
And he tightened up the rein, 15
Cracked his whip and drove away.
But when the horse's ribs were hit,
The sparrow did not care a bit.



IN NUTCRACKER LODGE

Here we have a capital story of a young squirrel who thought he was too wise to have to work. He got into trouble, of course, and paid the price for his silliness — just as all of us have to do when we are foolish.

MR. and Mrs. Nutcracker were as respectable a pair of squirrels as ever wore gray brushes over their backs. They lived in Nutcracker Lodge, a hole in a sturdy old chestnut tree overhanging a shady dell. Here they had reared many families of young Nutcrackers, who were models of good behavior in the forest.

But it happened in the course of time that they had a son named Featherhead, who was as different from all the other children of the Nutcracker family as if he had been dropped out of the moon into their nest. He was handsome enough, and had a lively disposition, but he was sulky and contrary and unreasonable. He found fault with everything his respectable papa and mama did.

Instead of helping with the cares of the family, — picking up nuts and learning other lessons proper to a young squirrel, — he sneered at all the good old ways and customs of the Nutcracker Lodge, and said they were behind the times. To be sure he was always on hand at mealtimes and played a very lively tooth on the nuts which his mother had collected, always selecting the best for himself. But he seasoned his nibbling with much grumbling and discontent.

Papa Nutcracker would often lose his patience, and say something sharp to Featherhead, but Mother Nutcracker would shed tears, and beg her darling boy to be a little more reasonable.

While his parents, brothers, and sisters were cheerfully racing up and down the branches laying up stores for the winter, Featherhead sat apart, sulking and scolding.

"Nobody understands me," he grumbled. "Nobody treats me as I deserve to be treated. Surely I was born to do something of more importance than gathering a few chestnuts and hickory nuts for the winter. I am an unusual squirrel."

"Depend upon it, my dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker to her husband, "that boy is a genius. We must give him a chance."

"Fiddlesticks on his genius!" said old Mr. Nutcracker. "What does he do?"

"Oh, nothing, of course, but they say that is one

of the marks of genius. Remarkable people, you know, never come down to common life."

"He eats enough for any two," said old Nutcracker, "and he never helps gather nuts."

5 "But, my dear, Parson Too-Whit, who has talked with Featherhead, says the boy has very fine feelings, — so much above those of the common crowd."

"Feelings be hanged," snapped old Nutcracker. "When a fellow eats all the nuts that his mother
10 gives him, and then grumbles at her, I don't believe much in his fine feelings. Why doesn't he do something? I'm going to tell my fine young gentleman that if he doesn't behave himself, I'll tumble him out of the nest neck and crop, and see if hunger won't
15 do something toward bringing down his fine airs."

"Oh, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Nutcracker, falling on her husband's neck with both paws, "do be patient with our darling boy."

Now although the Nutcrackers belonged to the
20 fine old race of the Grays, they kept on the best of terms with all branches of the squirrel family. They were very friendly to the Chipmunks of Chipmunk Hollow. Young Tip Chipmunk, the oldest son, was in all respects a perfect contrast to Master Feather-
25 head. Tip was lively and cheerful, and very alert in getting food for the family. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk had very little care, but could sit at the door of their hole and chat with neighbors, quite sure

that Tip would bring everything out right for them, and have plenty laid up for winter.

"What a commonplace fellow that Tip Chipmunk is," sneered Featherhead one day. "I shall take care not to associate with him." 5

"My dear, you are too hard on poor Tip," said Mrs. Nutcracker. "He is a very good son, I am sure."

"Oh, I don't doubt he's good enough," said Featherhead, "but he's so common. He hasn't an idea in his skull above his nuts and Chipmunk Hollow. He is 10 good-natured enough, but, dear me, he has no manners! I hope, mother, you won't invite the Chipmunks to the Thanksgiving dinner — these family dinners are such a bore."

"But, my dear Featherhead, your father thinks a 15 great deal of the Chipmunks — they are our relatives, you know," said Mother Nutcracker.

"So are the High-Flyers our relatives. If we could get them to come, there would be some sense to it. But of course a flying squirrel would never come to 20 our house if a common chipmunk is a guest. It isn't to be expected," said Featherhead.

"Confound him for a puppy," said old Nutcracker. "I wish good sons like Tip Chipmunk were common."

But in the end Featherhead had his way, and the 25 Chipmunks were not invited to Nutcracker Lodge for Thanksgiving dinner. However, they were not at all offended. Indeed, Tip called early in the morning

to pay his compliments of the season, and leave a few dainty beechnuts.

"He can't even see that he is not wanted here," sneered Featherhead.

5 At last old papa declared it was time for Featherhead to choose some business.

"What are you going to be, my boy?" he asked.

"We are driving now a thriving trade in hickory nuts, and if you would like to join us —"

10 "Thank you," said Featherhead, "the hickory trade is too slow for me. I was never made to grub and delve in that way. In fact I have my own plans."

To be plain, Featherhead had formed a friendship with the Rats of Rat Hollow — a race of people whose
15 honesty was doubtful. Old Longtooth Rat was a money lender, and for a long time he had had his eye on Featherhead as a person silly enough to suit the business, which was neither more nor less than downright stealing.

20 Near Nutcracker Lodge was a large barn filled with corn and grain, besides many bushels of hazelnuts, chestnuts, and walnuts. Now old Longtooth told Featherhead that he should nibble a passage into the loft, and set up a commission business there — passing
25 out nuts and grain as Longtooth wanted them. He did not tell Featherhead a certain secret — namely, that a Scotch terrier was about to be bought to keep rats from the grain.

"How foolish such drudging fellows as Tip Chipmunk are!" said Featherhead to himself. "There he goes picking up a nut here and a grain there, whereas I step into property at once."

"I hope you are honest in your dealings, my son," said old Nutcracker.

Featherhead threw his tail saucily over one shoulder and laughed. "Certainly, sir, if honesty means getting what you can while it is going, I mean to be honest."

Soon Featherhead seemed to be very prosperous. ¹⁰ He had a splendid hole in the midst of a heap of chestnuts and he seemed to be rolling in wealth. But one day as he was lolling in his hole, up came two boys with the friskiest, wiriest Scotch terrier you ever saw. His eyes blazed like torches. Featherhead's heart died ¹⁵ within him as he heard the boys say, "Now we'll see if we can catch the rascal that eats our grain."

Featherhead tried to slink out of the hole he had gnawed to come in by, but found it stopped.

"Oh, you are there, are you, Mister?" cried the boy. ²⁰ "Well, you don't get out, and now for a chase."

And sure enough poor Featherhead ran with terror up and down through the bundles of hay. But the barking terrier was at his heels, and the boys shouted and cheered. He was glad at last to escape through ²⁵ a crack, though he left half of his fine brush behind him, for Master Wasp, the terrier, made a snap at it just as Featherhead was squeezing through. Alas!

all the hair was cleaned off, so that it was as bare as a rat's tail.

Poor Featherhead limped off, bruised and beaten, with the dog and boys still after him, and they would have caught him if Tip Chipmunk's hole had not stood open to receive him. Tip took the best of care of him, but the glory of Featherhead's tail had gone forever. From that time, though, he was a wiser squirrel than he had ever been before.

1. Read this story silently, then tell what it means. What kind of squirrel was Featherhead? Have you ever known a boy that was like him? What was his greatest fault?

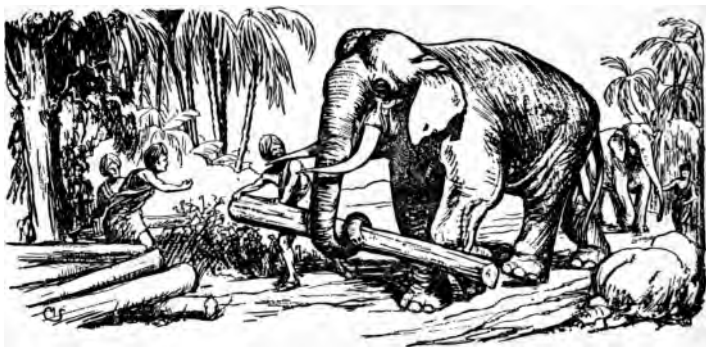
2. Would Featherhead be a good neighbor? Which of the animals named in the story would you rather live near? Why?

3. Ask your teacher to read aloud a chapter of one of these books if it can be had: Thornton W. Burgess's *The Adventures of Chatterer the Red Squirrel*; Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus Stories*.

GOD'S CREATURES

BY MARGARET BENSON

ONE is clad in coat of fur,
And one is decked in feathers gay;
Another, wiser, will prefer
A sober suit of Quaker gray;
This one's your servant from his birth,
And that a Princess you must please;
And this one loves to wake your mirth,
And that one likes to share your ease.



THE GRATEFUL ELEPHANT

BY ANNE A. STANLEY

ONE day some carpenters were felling trees in a forest and hewing them into beams for houses. They heard some one groaning, as if in pain. They looked around and saw a huge elephant limping toward them. They lifted his swollen foot and found a large splinter in it. With a sharp tool they cut around the splinter. Then they tied a string to it and pulled it out.

The elephant was very grateful and said, "You have saved my life. I will do everything I can to help you." He was very strong. So he pulled up trees for them, rolled logs, and carried their tools wherever they needed them. When mealtime came, each carpenter gave him a portion of food. So he was well fed and very happy.

Now this elephant had a son, a beautiful white elephant, whom he loved dearly. When the father

grew old and was no longer able to serve the carpenters, he took his son to them and said, "I am getting old now and cannot serve you any longer. Here is my son, Whitie; he will work for you."

5 The old elephant taught his son how to help the carpenters and then went away into the forest, alone. Whitie served them faithfully, as his father had done. He was a great favorite with young and old. When the day's work was over, he played with the carpenters' 10 children. He was very clever, too, and quickly learned all the tricks they taught him.

The king soon heard of this clever white elephant and sent his hunters to get him. Whitie was loath to leave the carpenters who had saved his father's 15 life and had made him so happy, but he had to obey the king's command. When they took him to the palace, the king exclaimed, "What a beautiful creature! He is more beautiful than any of the royal herd! Make him trappings of gold and silver and 20 give him the best stall in the royal stables."

They put bright-colored trappings on him and led him through the streets every day. People came from far and near to see him, and all marveled at his beauty. His clever tricks amused the whole court. But though 25 he had every luxury and was much petted in the royal stables, he longed for his forest home.

Just at this time the city was much alarmed at the news of the approach of a foreign army. The king

had been making preparations to advance against it, when suddenly he became ill.

"Who will lead the army and drive back the foe?" asked the queen.

All the courtiers were silent. 5

"I will," said the elephant.

And the astonished crowd cheered and shouted.

Then they put on all his armor and bright trappings. At a signal from the tower, he marched forth at the head of the army. The enemy saw this beautiful, white creature in battle array and were seized with fear. The elephant trumpeted loud and long, as he led the charge against their front ranks. The enemy thought some evil spirit was advancing against them. In terror they turned and fled. 15

Thus did Whitie disperse the enemy and save his country.

— *Animal Folk Tales.*

1. In what countries do elephants live? What are some elephants taught to do? Why was this elephant grateful?

2. What do you know about elephants? Where have you seen them? Can you tell any other story about an elephant?

3. Words to find and explain: clēv'er; lōath; roy'āl; lux'u-ry; fōr'eign; cōurt'iers; dis-perse'.

4. Ask your teacher to show you how to find the meaning of words in a dictionary. An elementary dictionary is best for you to learn to use first. Try to find in the dictionary all the words in 3.

ON THE FARM

All of us like the country. Most of us know something of the farm. Some of us live there; others of us have spent our vacations there; and all of us agree that it is a good place to know more about. For after all the Farm is only the Country in its working clothes.



FARMER JOHN

BY JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound,
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
“Now, I’m myself,” said Farmer John,
5 And he thinks, “I’ll look around.”
Up leaps the dog: “Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?”
And the old cow lows at the gate to greet him,
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.
10 “Well, well, old Bay,
Ha, ha, old Gray,
Do you get good feed when I’m away?”
“You haven’t a rib,” says Farmer John,
“The cattle are looking round and sleek,
15 The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too, how he has grown!
We’ll wean the calf in a week.”
Says Farmer John, “When I’ve been off —
To call you again about the trough,
20 And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think,”
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray,
“Ah, this is the comfort of going away.”



“For, after all,” says Farmer John,
 “The best of a journey is getting home,
 I’ve seen great sights but I would not give
 This spot and the peaceful life I live

For all their Paris and Rome,
 These hills for the city’s stifled air
 And big hotels all bustle and glare,
 Land all houses, and roads all stones
 That deafen your ears and batter your bones !

Would you, old Bay?
 Would you, old Gray?
 That’s what one gets by going away.”

“There Money is king,” says Farmer John,
 “And Fashion is queen, and it’s very queer
 To see how sometimes when the man
 Is raking and scraping all he can,
 The wife spends, every year,

Enough you would think for a score of wives
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," said Farmer John.

5 "You see, old Bay,
 You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away."

 "I've found this out," said Farmer John,
 "*That happiness is not bought and sold,*
10 And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
 In nights of pleasure and days of worry.
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
 Mortgages, stocks, and ten per cent,
 But in simple ways and sweet content,
15 Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
 Some land to till and a few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
 That's what I've learned by going away."

20 And a happy man is Farmer John —
 Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
 He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
 The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree,
25 The large, kind oxen look their thanks
 As he rubs their foreheads and pats their flanks,

ON THE FARM

The doves light round him and strut and coo,
 Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
 Next time I travel so far away."

5

1. Retell this story in a written paragraph of ten or twelve lines.
2. Describe Farmer John as he appears to you. Describe his house; his barn. Is he a kind-hearted man? Why do you think so?
3. Where had he been? Name some of the things he had seen on his journey.
4. What and where is Paris? Rome? Babylon?
5. Spell and explain these words: dĕaf'en; com'fort; stī'fled; clŭtched; mort'gages (mōr'gages). Refer to the dictionary.
6. What is meant by "The town is a perfect Babylon"?
7. What are some of the things a city man would be glad to see when he returned home from a trip to the country?

IN ORCHARD AND GARDEN

BY ANDREW MARVELL

WHAT wondrous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head;
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

5



SPECIAL KINDS OF FARMING

DAIRYING

THERE are hundreds of cows in the herd that is grazing in the big pasture. They may be Jerseys, or some other good kind of milk cows. "But," you say, "why does one man need so many cows?"

5 The answer is easy. He does not need them for his own use. This is a dairy farm that supplies milk to many homes in the city. Twice a day this herd is milked in the dairy barns on the farm. Each cow has her place in the long row of stanchions. There they
10 eat their grain and hay, and there they are milked by many hands or by milking machines.

Cans and cans of sweet cold milk are loaded on fast trains, and rushed into the bottling station in the city. There the milk is heated (Păs'teur-ized) to keep it
15 from souring quickly, bottled, and chilled. Then the drivers of the milk wagons deliver the bottled milk to their customers.

If you live in a big city, the milk you had for breakfast likely came to you a long way from a dairy farm.
20 If you live in the country, you will be glad to learn how the farm serves milk to your city cousins.

TRUCK FARMING

How do all the people in a large city get vegetables to eat? There is little room for kitchen gardens in a city. Every market and store has a supply of fine vegetables, and there the people can buy them; but where do the markets get them? 5

In the winter time much of the greengrocers' supply in Northern cities comes from warmer lands. It is shipped in from the South. But in the summer most of it is grown around each city.

The need of a city for peas, beans, carrots, radishes, 10
potatoes, and other garden truck has caused many men to go into truck farming. These farmers usually have small places, as near the city as possible. Each little farm is laid out and tended like a garden. The soil is kept very rich, and often three crops are 15
raised on the same plot of ground in one year. As soon as one crop is gathered some other kind of crop is planted.

Much of the work is done by hand, and not by machines as in other kinds of farming. No machine can 20
set out cabbage plants or load beets on a wagon. Most of our truck farming is done by people who have come from Europe. Poles, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and Italians are good gardeners.

Each summer morning big loads of fresh vegetables 25
on autotrucks are unloaded in our city markets. These

SPECIAL KINDS OF FARMING 105

are the products of the thrifty truck farmers. People in the city could not live without them.

KITCHEN GARDENS

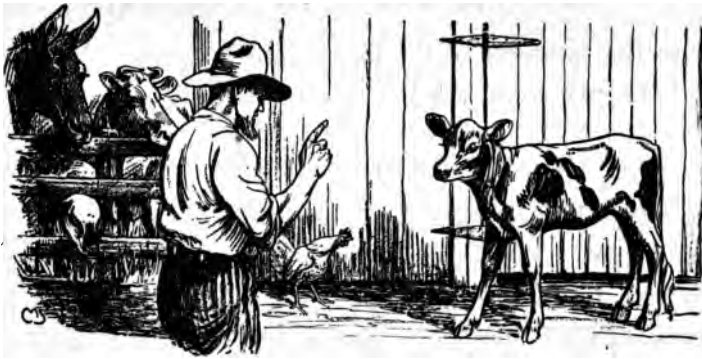
Most houses have some ground near them that is not used. Even if the plot is only a few feet square, it can be made into a paying garden. It should be spaded up in the early spring, and the soil broken up fine. Make the ground rich by adding fertilizer. On this little plot you can have fine fun growing radishes, lettuce, Swiss chard, and beans. Keep an account
10 of all the things you raise. You will be surprised to find how much money you have saved your family in a single summer.

In the country the kitchen gardens supply the family with all the vegetables they need to eat in the summer.
15 And there are plenty to spare to can or to put into the cellar for winter use. No part of a farm pays so much or so well as the garden. And no part of it can be made so beautiful.

1. Does your school have a school garden? If so, tell what you expect to grow in it. Do you have a garden at home? What do you grow there?

2. Explain how milk is produced for a great city. How is it brought to the many families?

3. What is meant by truck farming? Where are the truck farms? Who tends them? What are they for?



A BARNYARD STORY

BY PHOEBE CARY

The author of these verses was born on a farm in Ohio. Some of her best poetry is about the simple, homely affairs of country life.

TO the yard by the barn came the farmer one
morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright: "Now which of
you last night
Shut the barn door while I was abed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame!
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door;
But they said that she did, all the same —
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapply gray), "I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect";
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say, 'tis that calf I suspect."

Then out spoke the cow, "It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks!"
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't me";
And the sheep all cried, "Baa!" (there were six),
10 "Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

"Why, of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing
to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat.
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think me a
15 fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
20 "Did you shut the barn door?" asked the farmer
once more.
"I did, sir! I closed it last night,"
Said the calf, "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head, "She will catch it,"
they said ;

"Serves her right for her meddlesome way !"

Said the farmer : "Come here, little bossy, my dear ;

You have done what I cannot repay,

5

And your fortune is made from to-day.

"For a wonder, last night I forgot the door quite ;

And, if you had not shut it so neat,

All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,

And got what they ought not to eat ;

10

They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl ;

The very mule smiled, the cock crew.

"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"

They cried ; "we all said it was you —

15

We were so glad to give you your due !"

And the calf answered knowingly, "Boo !"

1. Tell this story in your own words. What is such a story sometimes called?

2. Do boys and girls ever act in the same way that these animals acted? Explain.

3. Word Study:

lôt — Yard ; a barnyard is sometimes called a barn lot.

rěc-ôl-lěct' — Remember.

sus-pěct' — Imagine ; think.

"what she's at" — A colloquial expression meaning "what she is doing."

bos'sy — A pet name for a cow.

foun'dered — Made ill by eating too much.



THE PRUDENT FARMER

BY EDOUARD LABOULAYE

This story is an old, old one in the farmer homes of France and Belgium. There it has been repeated for hundreds of years. The farmer is not at all "prudent" in his acts; but the things he does that appear foolish turn out to be wise. How would you change the story if you were telling it?

ONE day a farmer set out for town, taking all his money with him, for he intended to buy some goods. On reaching a crossroad he stopped and asked an old man who was sitting there which road he should take.

"I will tell you for a hundred dollars, and no less," answered the stranger. "Every piece of advice that I give is worth a hundred dollars."

"Indeed!" thought the farmer, looking into the cunning face of the old man. "What kind of advice can it be that is worth a hundred dollars? It must be something very rare, for commonly you get plenty of advice for nothing; it is true that it is not worth much more than you give for it. Well!" said he to the old man, "here is your money. Speak!"

"Mark me well," said the stranger, as he put the money into his pocket; "the straight road that you

see before you is the road of the present; the other one, which makes a curve, is the road of the future. I could give you still more advice, but not unless you pay me another hundred dollars."

The farmer stood in thought for a long time, and then he said: "Since I have bought the first, I may as well buy the second." And he gave him another hundred dollars.

"Now," said the stranger, "listen carefully! When you are on a journey and stop at an inn where the host is old, begone quickly or great harm will come to you. Give me another hundred dollars," he added, "for I still have something more to tell you."

The farmer thought to himself: "What can this new piece of advice be? Well, since I have bought two I may as well buy the third, although it will take all my money." And he gave his last hundred dollars.

"Heed me well!" said the old man; "if you ever fly into a passion, keep half of your anger for to-morrow, and do not use it all up in one day."

The farmer went back home empty-handed.

"What did you buy?" asked his wife.

"Three pieces of advice, each of which cost me a hundred dollars," he answered. 25

"That is just like you, wasting your money and scattering it to the winds!"

"My dear wife," said the farmer gently, "I do not

regret the loss of my money. Just listen to the sayings which I bought with it."

But his wife shrugged her shoulders at what she called idle words, and she declared that her husband would yet ruin his family. No one had ever heard of such foolishness!

Some time after this, a merchant stopped before the farmer's door with two wagons full of goods. He had lost his partner on the way and he offered the farmer ten dollars if he would take charge of one of the wagons and go with him to town.

"I hope you will take up with the offer," said the farmer's wife to him; "for by so doing you may earn back a little of what you so foolishly threw away."

They set out at once, the merchant driving the first wagon and the farmer the second. The weather was bad and the roads very muddy, and they traveled with great difficulty. At last they reached the cross-road, and the merchant was at a loss to know which road to take.

"I shall take that one," said the farmer, pointing to the crooked road. "It is the road of the future, and it is longer; but it is surer."

The merchant, however, made up his mind to take the road of the present. "I would not do so for a hundred dollars," said the farmer.

And so they parted company; but the farmer, who had taken the longer road, reached the inn on the other

side of the wood where the ways came together again, much sooner than his comrade. Indeed, the merchant did not get there until night; his wagon had tipped over in a swampy place and his goods had been thrown into the mud and water. 5

Near the close of the next day they reached an inn where the host was old. The merchant wished to stop there for the night.

"I would not stop for a hundred dollars," cried the farmer, and he whipped his horses and hurried 10 past. But the merchant, who was very tired, drove into the wagon yard and made ready to stay there until morning. Some time in the night a crowd of young idlers quarreled among themselves, and, in the fight which followed, one of them was killed. In 15 order that their crime might not be found out, they took the body of the man whom they had killed and hid it in the merchant's wagon.

The merchant, who had slept well and had heard nothing of the fight, arose early in the morning and 20 drove away without knowing what had been done. He had not gone far, however, until he was overtaken by the police, his wagon was searched, and the body was found hidden among his goods. Nobody would believe that he was innocent, and the police hurried 25 him away to prison.

The farmer, hearing what had happened to his comrade, made up his mind to save one wagon at

least. So he turned about and drove back, as fast as he could, to his own house. On nearing his garden he saw a young soldier seated in his finest plum tree, quietly eating his choicest fruit. The farmer raised his gun to shoot the thief, when he thought: "I have paid a hundred dollars to learn that I must not spend all my anger in one day. Let us wait till to-morrow; the thief will come again."

He drove around into the barnyard, and, leaving the wagon there, went to the house by the back way. As he opened the door, the young soldier, who was none other than his son, flung himself into his arms, crying, "Father, I have a furlough, and I came home to surprise you!"

Said the farmer to his wife, "Now hear what has happened to me, and see whether I paid too dearly for my three pieces of advice." And he told them the whole story.

1. What do you think of the farmer in this story? What were the three pieces of advice which he bought? Would any sensible man do as he did? Explain your answer.

2. Does this story teach any important truth? What is it?

3. Word Study:

prū'dent — Careful of one's actions.

shŕŭgged — Drew up.

cōm'rāde — Companion; partner.

fŭr'lough — Leave of absence.

Do you find these meanings in the dictionary?

LIFE ON THE FARM

The Orchard, R. F. D. # 3.

Dear Cousin Joe: —

Your card reminds me of my promise to write you a letter about the farm — one you can read to your city school if I write one good enough.

I wish your school could visit ours this next week. The Corn Club, the Pumpkin Club, the Canning Club,^s and the Pig Club are to give an exhibition every afternoon and evening in our new school annex. The members of the club will exhibit their summer's work. I am president of the Corn Club, and have hopes that my new kind of dent corn will win a blue ribbon.¹⁰ Sister Dorothy has twelve cans of fruit and vegetables on display. One of brother's thoroughbred pigs is sure of a first prize.

Besides the prizes, we have classes in grading corn, hogs, etc.; that is, telling how many good points they¹⁵ have. Most of us also are doing some woodwork and carpentry in school, and one section of the exhibit will be the things we have made. At the close of the exhibit we offer our things for sale.

Isn't that all different from your school shows in the²⁰ city? It is new to us in the country too, but we like it.

You ride to school on the elevated railroad, you say. I have seen moving pictures of the elevated trains and the subways. We ride to school in a motor hack, which we call "the jitney." About fifteen of us are²⁵

hauled by our bus. There are six buses that bring the pupils to our school, and some of the pupils live five miles away. Our roads are good but they are not like your paved streets. We are all going to turn out Saturday and fill up some little holes on the main highways.

Some of our country houses are fine and big like many of your city houses. They are heated by furnaces and lighted by electricity or gas. Other houses have stoves in them. Almost every family in the country has a telephone and an automobile. Many farmers have tractors, too. Tractors are gas engines to pull the plows and haul big loads of grain to town.

We have good times on the farm in the winter in spite of cold or mud. We get our mail every day brought to the door. We read a great many magazines and farm papers besides doing our school work. We have coasting parties and skating picnics. We also have a neighborhood entertainment at the school or church once a week. Once a month we have moving pictures. On Saturdays sometimes my brother and I go hunting for rabbits.

But summer is the best time of all. Then every man turns out to help do the work. In the spring there are fences to repair and acres and acres of ground to be broken up (plowed). Then comes the planting, and the cultivating follows. It is wonderful how so much corn and oats can grow from such tiny seeds.

By the middle of summer, harvest time begins.

The clover is cut down by mowing machines one day, and hauled into the barn the next. One day it is clover grass, the next day it is clover hay, ready to feed to cows and horses. A little later we cut the wheat and oats. This is done with a machine that cuts the grain and binds it in sheaves or bundles. These we set up in shocks and then it stands until the sap is dried out of the straw.

Then comes the threshing. This is the very top of the season. Our neighbors exchange work with us and our barnyard is full of horses, wagons, and men. The big thresher is run by a steam or gas engine. It hums day after day, beating the grain from the straw.

All summer long each of us children has his part of the regular chores to do. I shell the corn for the chickens, drive the cows in from the pasture, put hay in the mangers for the horses, and see that the tanks are kept full of water for the cattle and hogs. This gives me plenty of time to tend my own patch of corn and vegetables. Of course in the fruit seasons, all of us help pick strawberries, currants, cherries, or peaches.

We get tired sometimes of work, but I should be more tired with nothing to do. When I grow up I expect to own a big farm of my own. I hope this long letter will make your friends in the city want to come out into the country and help us young farmers grow more food for everybody.

Your cousin,
Dick.

THE GLAD HOLIDAYS

These are the red-letter days of the calendar. These are the times to which we all look forward with joy. Read the following stories in their proper season; and a Bountiful Thanksgiving, a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to you!



A HALLOWEEN SHOW

*You are all invited to a Halloween
Indian Show in our back yard to-night.
Be there by eight o'clock sharp.*

Joe Hartford

THIS was the note Mrs. Pence received on the morning of October 31. Mrs. Smith had a similar one; and Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Paul, and Mrs. Finch all had invitations of the same kind. Mrs. Pence smiled as she read it, Mrs. Smith chuckled as she read hers, and Mrs. Berry laughed long and loud, and called Mr. Berry from the garage.

Directly Mrs. Hartford was busy answering telephone calls from her neighbors in the suburban village. "Yes," she was saying, "Joe, Jack Pence, Tom Finch, Elmer Smith, Jim Berry, and Sam Paul are all busy as beavers right here in our back yard now. You *must* come. The show is to be all theirs, and we must not disappoint the boys." And so the matter was settled among the mothers.

For days Joe, Jack, Tom, Elmer, Jim, and Sam had been wondering what they could do together to make this Halloween different. Joe had an idea. He had read a story of a boy who had once frightened away the Indians on Halloween by putting a lighted candle

in a grinning pumpkin. This suggested an Indian show. Mrs. Hartford had been called in to help out with details; and thus the show was arranged.

At seven-thirty Berry's automobile drove into Hartford's big back yard with the whole Berry family inside. A painted "brave" jumped on the running board and showed Mr. Berry where to park his car. The Finches came next; then the Pencses, and so on.

The crowd was prompt; and a big audience it was for the young actors. As the night was fine, the visitors were seated on porch chairs and benches on the drive overlooking the two-acre back lawn, garden, and orchard of the Hartfords'.

Sharply at eight o'clock an electric light flashed on a screen which read :

15

ACT ONE : — PIONEER HOME IN WOODS

Then another light went on, and another, until the yard was bright as far as the flower garden on one side and the orchard on the other. In the middle of the drive was a "log cabin," neatly and firmly built out of corn stalks, and big enough to hold three or four boys at a time. On one side of it was a shock of corn fodder; on the other a pile of limbs and small logs.

On one of these logs a boy, dressed like a woodsman, was busily chopping. That was Joe Hartford. In a few minutes he was joined by his "wife" — Jim Berry, togged up in Mrs. Hartford's made-over kitchen

dress. A sunbonnet hid Jim's short red hair, and a big apron completed his outfit. He (or "she") began picking up chips and putting them in her upheld apron.

5 Suddenly the tat-tat-tat of a horse's hoofs comes from the roadway. The rider is in a hurry. Joe and "Mrs. Joe" excitedly drop their work, as into the drive there dashes Joe's trick pony, Buster, with Sam Paul astride of him.

10 "Indians!" Sam yells, as he draws up by the woodpile. "The Pequots are on the warpath again. Better get into the settlement by night. Two families over the mountain were killed this morning."

"Can't leave," drawls Joe. "My wife's brother is 15 here sick with the chills and fever, and can't travel. Indians or no Indians, we can't get away from Possum Ridge now."

"Better keep a sharp lookout, then," advises Sam. "We will have scouts out to help you in case we hear 20 gunfire."

"How many of the redskins are out?" asks Joe in some concern.

"Probably fifty. But they are in small squads."

And away dashes the valiant rider and his little steed 25 amid the cheering of the audience.

Darkness. All lights go out suddenly except the one above the bulletin board:

ACT TWO : — PEQUOT WAR DANCE

Dim lights cast creepy shadows over the drive. The log cabin is gone, and in its place stands a tepee. Two braves lounge in front of it, in full war gear. Another joins them, and another. Finally the chief advances from the inside of the tepee, and speaks :

“Braves! The palefaces are again upon us. Every year they drive us farther and farther to the westward. The lands of our fathers are no longer our lands. The deer have left our hunting grounds, and the fish have gone from our streams. The Pequots soon will be no more, unless —”

He never finishes. Four pairs of lusty lungs give forth a lusty Indian yell. Tomahawks flash, and the warriors leap up and down about their chief. A blaze is kindled in front of the tepee; and round and round this the make-believe Indians dance, whooping and brandishing wooden knives and hatchets.

Silence again. The fire goes out and darkness swallows up the scene. Then the bulletin light :

ACT THREE : — THE FIGHT

Again the log cabin is in the play; the tepee is gone. It is night, and at the single window of the hut is a lighted candle. The shadowy form of an Indian is seen creeping out from the orchard; another follows in his steps. They hold a whispered conversation and



the pair tiptoe toward the open window. Together they raise their bows and let fly their arrows. Down goes the candle, and the two let out a shout of triumph.

But their victory is short-lived. A grinning pumpkin
5 with glistening eyes at once takes the place of the candle. The Indians race back to the shadow of the orchard, fearful of the demon whose eyes and mouth are on fire.

But the Indian chief is not so easily frightened.
10 Cautiously he sneaks toward the cabin, and lifts his tomahawk to give the evil head a blow. Bang! goes Joe's big popgun from inside the house, and the chief crumples up on the ground. This is a signal for an attack. Arrows fly into the walls of the cabin from the
15 orchard, and the gun bangs away from the cabin.

Hoof beats are again heard. This time there rides up the driveway a very ghost. A tall white-robed figure with terrible eyes of fire sits on the back of Buster. The pony has his body and face draped and masked in white, and two balls of fire glitter where his eyes should be.

This was the great climax. To produce it the boys had had to rummage all their households. But a few old sheets, some wire, and four electric flashlights had solved their problem.

The appearance of the terrible being (Sam Paul made four feet taller by a wire headpiece covered with a sheet) strikes fear into the hearts of the Indians. With a final whoop, they rush away headlong into the wilderness (the orchard), while Joe and "Mrs. Joe" rush out of the cabin to greet their rescuer.

FINALE

Lights and shadows and dusky figures moving about with torches. Then faces of all kinds begin to appear—in the trees and on wires and fences, until there are two score pairs of yellow eyes and forty grinning mouths shining through the darkness. Pumpkins, tin pails, and candles, when rightly put together, make a strange sight.

The children on the benches draw closer to their mothers; and even the older persons lower their voices

to a whisper. Such is the effect of the grouping of the lighted "heads."

From behind the garage troop six boys in Indian costume, with a long pole carried above their shoulders. From the pole dangle nine small pumpkins, and each spells out a letter in candlelight. How the audience cheer when they make out what it says :



1. When does Halloween come? What do you usually do on Halloween?

2. What did the boys in this story do? Do you think their plan of celebration a good one? How many boys took part in this play?

3. Ask your teacher to divide the class into groups, letting each group stage an act of the show. How many acts are there? What is the chief happening in each?

4. Ask your teacher to divide the class into squads. Each squad is to work up a plan for a Halloween play. You may call your plan a "scenario." Decide upon the best one by voting, and then act it out.

5. Before you can help dramatize this selection you should know what these words mean: braves; palefaces; tomahawk; tē'pēē; pioneers; dē'mon; costume; finale (fe-nā'lā).

6. The word "Halloween" is a short form of "All-hallow's even." This means the evening before All-hallow day, or All Saints' Day, which comes on November 1. Do you find the word in the dictionary?



THE THANKSGIVING GIFTS

ONCE upon a time a poor old beggar woman stood shivering by the side of a road which led to a prosperous village. She hoped some traveler would be touched by her misery, and would give her a few pennies with which to buy food and fuel.

It had been snowing since early morning, and a sharp east wind made the evening air bitterly cold. At the sound of approaching footsteps the old woman's face brightened with expectancy, but the next moment her eager expression changed to disappointment, for the traveler passed without giving her anything.

"Poor old woman," he said to himself. "This is a bitter cold night to be begging on the roadside. It is, indeed. I am truly sorry for her."

And as his footsteps became fainter, the beggar¹⁵ woman whispered, "I must not give up. Perhaps the next traveler will help me."

In a little while she heard the sound of wheels. It happened to be the carriage of the mayor, who was on his way to a Thanksgiving banquet. When his excellency saw the miserable old woman, he ordered the carriage to stop, lowered the window, and took a piece of money from his pocket.

"Here you are," he called, holding out a coin.

The woman hurried to the window as fast as she could. Before she reached it, however, the mayor noticed that he had taken a gold piece instead of a silver one out of his pocket.

"Wait a moment," he said, "I've made a mistake."

He intended to exchange the coin for one of less value, but he caught his sleeve on the window fastening and dropped the gold piece in the snow. The woman had come up to the carriage window, and he noticed that she was blind.

"I've dropped the money, my good woman," he said, "but it lies near you there in the snow. No doubt you'll find it."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the beggar, kneeling down to search for the coin.

On rolled the mayor to the banquet. "It was foolish to give her gold," he thought, "but I'm a rich man, and I seldom make such a mistake."

That night after the banquet when the mayor sat before a blazing fire in his comfortable chair, the picture of the beggar woman kneeling in the snow, and

fumbling around for the gold piece, came before his eyes.

"I hope she will make good use of my generous gift," he mused. "It was entirely too much to give, but no doubt I shall be rewarded for my charity." 5

The first traveler hurried on his way until he came to the village inn, where a great wood fire crackled merrily in the cheery dining room. He took off his warm coat, and sat down to wait for dinner to be served. But he could not forget the picture of the old beggar woman 10 standing on the snowy roadside.

Suddenly he rose, put on his coat, and said to the host, "Prepare dinner for two. I shall be back soon."

He hastened back to the place where he had seen the poor old woman, who was still on her knees in 15 the snow searching for the mayor's gold piece.

"My good woman, what are you looking for?" he asked.

"A piece of money, sir. The gentleman who gave it to me dropped it in the snow." 20

"Do not search any longer," said the traveler, "but come with me to the village inn. There you may warm yourself before the great fire, and we shall have a good dinner. Come, you shall be my Thanksgiving 25 guest."

He helped her to her feet, and then, for the first time, he saw that she was blind. Carefully he took her arm, and led her along the road to the inn.

"Sit here and warm yourself," he said, placing her gently in a comfortable chair. In a few moments he led her to the table, and gave her a good dinner.

On that Thanksgiving day an angel took up her pen, and struck out all account of the gold piece from the book where the mayor recorded his good deeds. Another angel wrote in the traveler's book of deeds an account of the old beggar woman's Thanksgiving dinner at the village inn.

1. At what time in the year does Thanksgiving Day occur? Who sets the date?

2. See if you can find the President's proclamation for the present Thanksgiving. Where would you look for it?

3. What is one of the best ways to have a good Thanksgiving Day?

4. This is a good story to read aloud. Try it. Do you suppose that such an incident ever took place in this country? Why? What do you learn from the story?

5. How would a mayor, nowadays, go to a Thanksgiving dinner?

6. Learn the meaning and pronunciation of the following words: prŏs'per-ous; ex-pect'ān-cy; ěa'ger; māy'or; ex'cel-len-cy; mĭs'er-a-ble; bān'quet; fŭm'bling; chā'r'i-ty; gĕn'er-ous.

WE THANK THEE

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see, —
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

5

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees, —
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

10

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance, lest we go astray,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

15

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

20



A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

BY KATHERINE GRACE HULBERT

IT always made Ben feel solemn to watch the river in a storm. To-day it was gray and rough and noisy, and the few boats which went down toward Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

"Gran'ma, what day's to-day?" he asked at last, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable little room.

10 "Wednesday, Benny," answered the small old woman who crouched over the stove.

"Then to-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Rosses are going to have a turkey," said Ben excitedly.

"What are we going to have, Gran'ma?"

15 Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson's small, thin figure in its patched and faded clothes, and at his bright, eager face.

"Sonny, dear, what do you think Gran'ma has for Thanksgiving?" she asked gently.

The expectant look faded from Ben's face, and he winked hard to keep the tears from running over. He did not need to be told how bare of dainties their cupboard was, for everything there he had brought with his own hands. Bacon and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away; flour, potatoes, and a few other vegetables were there.

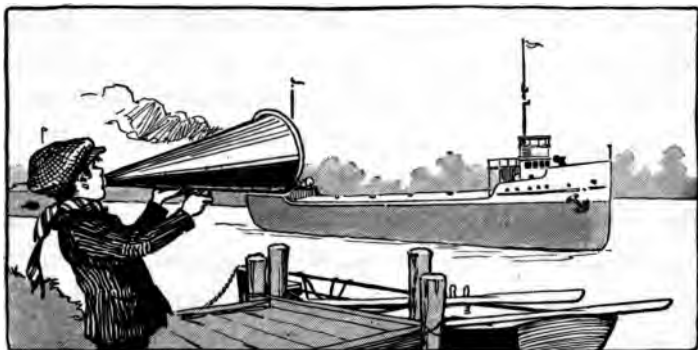
"Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner," the small boy begged after the first disappointment had been bravely put away. Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles, and leaned back cautiously in her broken-rockered chair.

"I remember one Thanksgiving when your pa was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. There was a ten-pound turkey, with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands."

"We could have some stuffing," interrupted Ben, eagerly. 20

"So we could, sonny, so we could. It takes you to think of things," and Mrs. Moxon affectionately patted the little brown hand on her knee. "It never would 'a' come to me that we might have turkey stuffing even if we didn't have any turkey." 25

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. "And was there anything else besides the turkey and the stuffing, Gran'ma?"



"Land, yes, child. There was turnips and mashed potatoes and mince pie, and your pa got two pounds of grapes, though grapes was expensive at that time o' year. Yes, nobody could ask for a better dinner than
s that was."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben hopefully.

"So we can, and will, too, child," answered the old
10 woman. "Trust you for making the best of things," and the two smiled at each other happily.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage, and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over it, and put the mixture
15 in the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said with satisfaction. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can hardly wait till dinner time," Ben said,

with an excited skip. "I believe I'll go down to the beach, and pick up driftwood for a while. You can call me when the things are most cooked, Gran'ma."

The storm of the day before had left many a bit of board or end of a log on the beach that would be just the thing for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge that was coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it, until he heard a voice ask :

"Hullo, kid! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?"

Then he straightened up, to see the boat's captain standing near its pilot house, and shouting through a great trumpet.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," Ben answered in his piping voice.

"Can't hear you!" roared the captain. "Run home and get your horn and talk to me."

Ben ran up the little hill to Mrs. Ross's, and borrowed her trumpet, or megaphone. One's voice sounds much louder when these are used, and they are to be found at every house on the shores of the St. Marys, for the people on the boats and those on the land often want to say "How do you do?" to each other. It was all Ben could do to hold the great tin trumpet straight, for it was nearly as long as he was.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," the boy shouted again, and this time the captain heard him.

"Going to have turkey, I suppose?" the captain asked.

"No, but we're going to have turkey stuffing," answered Ben with pride.

5 "Turkey stuffing but no turkey! If that isn't the best I ever heard!" The captain had dropped his trumpet, and doubled up with sudden laughter.

Luckily Ben did not hear. "What else are you going to have?" he called when he had repeated the
10 joke about him. "Mince pie without any mince meat?"

"No, sir!" Ben's voice was shrill but clear. "My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though."

15 "Did, did he?" The captain dropped his trumpet again. "That boy's all right," he said to the first mate. "He's too plucky to be laughed at. I'm going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie, and
20 say, Morgan, have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We'll tie them to a piece of plank, and they'll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry, or we'll be too far downstream for the boy to get the things." Then he raised his trumpet again.

25 "Say, kid, can you row that boat that's tied to your dock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you hurry out into the river, and I'll put off

a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You're going to have some turkey for that stuffing."

You may be sure Ben lost no time in pushing the row-boat off into the stream, where the end of a plank and its delicious load were soon bobbing up and down on the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted them into the boat, and how pleased he was for grandma!

"First the stuffing, and then the turkey! My, ain't I lucky?" He did not know the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very apt to follow pluck.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

1. How many people are there in this story? Who are they? Do you like all of them?
2. How long does it take you to read the story silently? What words do you not understand?
3. Why is the story called what it is? Give it some other name. How could you change the ending of the story?

A THANKSGIVING CREED

I AM thankful for my family and my friends. I am thankful for a home, my clothes, three meals a day, and a bed at night. I am thankful for the chance my school offers me to become educated. I am thankful that I live in a country where Liberty prevails; where I can worship as I wish; and where I shall have endless opportunity to become the man or woman I desire to be.

Write a Thanksgiving creed of your own. First make a list of the chief things you are thankful for. Then arrange these in some kind of order, and write your creed.



A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
10 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, 5
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by 10
name;

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! 15
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too. 20
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, 25
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

5 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;

He had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

10 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

15 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

20 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

1. You should let this story read itself into your memory so you can repeat it without looking at the book. See how many minutes it takes to fix the first ten lines thus.

2. What happens in this poem? Describe St. Nicholas. Make a rough sketch of him with a pencil.

3. Make a list of the words whose meaning you do not know. Beginning at the front row, each of you will give one word to any pupil you select, for that pupil to explain.



THE FIR TREE

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

People are never satisfied with what they have and are. Children want to be grown-ups; and grown-ups wish they were young again. Let us be what we are, and make the most of the present: that is what the author would teach us in this Christmas story.

The author is one of the best-known writers of stories for children. He was born and lived in Denmark, and his tales are known all over the world.

FAR away in the deep forest there once grew a pretty Fir Tree. The sun shone full upon him, the breeze played around him, and near by grew many companion fir trees, some older, some younger. But the little Fir Tree was not happy. He took no pleasure in the sunshine or in the song of the birds:

he was always longing to be tall. "Oh! to grow, to become tall and old, that is the only thing in the world worth living for," thought the Tree.

"Oh, little Fir Tree, rejoice in thy youth!" said the Sunbeams, but the Fir Tree understood them not.

When Christmas approached, many quite young trees were felled. These young trees were chosen from the most beautiful; they were laid in a wagon, and horses drew them away. "Where are they going?" asked the Fir Tree. "They are not larger than I am; indeed, one of them was much less. Where can they be gone?"

"We know!" twittered the Sparrows. "We peeped in the windows of the town below! We saw them planted in a warm room, and decked out with such beautiful things — gilded apples, playthings, and hundreds of bright candles!"

"And then?" asked the Fir Tree, trembling in every bough; "and then? What happened then?"

"Oh, we saw no more. That was beautiful, beautiful beyond compare!"

"Is this to be my lot?" cried the Fir Tree, with delight. "How glorious! How I long for the time when I shall go too!"

"Rejoice in our love!" said the Air and the Sunshine. "Rejoice in thy youth and thy freedom!" But rejoice he never would.

He grew and grew, in winter as in summer he stood

there clothed in dark-green foliage. The people who saw him said, "That is a beautiful tree!" and next Christmas, he was the first that was felled. The ax struck sharply through the wood; he fell to the earth with a heavy groan, and suffered a faintness that he had never expected. The Tree came to himself when, in the courtyard to which he first was taken with the other trees, he heard a man say, "This is a splendid one, the very thing we want!"

Then came two smartly dressed servants, and carried the Fir Tree into a large, handsome room. He was planted in a large cask hung with green cloth. A lady now began to adorn him.

Upon some branches she hung little nets of colored paper filled with sugarplums, and on others gilded apples and walnuts. More than a hundred little wax candles she placed here and there among the boughs. On the summit was fastened a large star of gold tinsel. "This evening," she said, "it will be lighted up."

"Would that it were evening!" thought the Tree. "Perhaps the sparrows will fly here and look in through the window panes. I wonder if I shall stand here adorned both winter and summer?"

Then came the evening and the candles were lighted, — oh, what a blaze of splendor! The Tree trembled in all his branches, for he felt almost afraid in the midst of all this glory and brightness. And now, all of a sudden, both folding doors were flung open, and

a troop of children rushed in. They shouted till the walls reëchoed; they danced round the Tree; one present after another was torn down.

“What are they doing?” thought the Tree; “what will happen now!” The candles burned down to the branches, and the children danced and played about with their beautiful playthings. No one thought any more of the Tree. But he rejoiced at the thought of the next day when he would be decked again with
10 candles and playthings, gold and fruit.

In the morning the maids came in. They dragged him out of the room, up the stairs, and into an attic-chamber, and there thrust him into a dark corner. Day after day and night after night passed away, and
15 yet no one ever came into the room. “It is now winter,” thought the Tree. “The ground is hard and covered with snow; they cannot plant me now, so I am to stay here till the spring. Men are so clever! I only wish it were not so dark and dreadfully lonely!
20 Oh, how pleasant it was in the forest when the snow lay on the ground.”

He thought of his youth and its pleasures, of the sunshine and the birds. The more he thought of the forest, the more clearly he remembered it, and he said,
25 “Yes, those were pleasant times! I was happy then.” The Tree sighed. “But now that is all past! However, it will be nice to remember it, when I am taken away from this place.”

But when would that be? One morning, people came and routed out the attic room. The Tree was dragged out of the corner, and one of the servants picked him up and carried him downstairs. Once more he saw the light of day.

"Now life begins again!" thought the Tree; he felt the fresh air, the warm sunbeams — he was out in the court. "I shall live! I shall live!" He was filled with hope; he tried to spread out his branches, but, alas! they were all dried up and yellow. He was thrown down upon a heap of weeds. The star of gold tinsel that had been left fixed on his crown now sparkled brightly in the sunshine.

Some children were playing in the court, the same who at Christmas time had danced round the Tree. One of the youngest now saw the gold star, and ran to tear it off. "Look at it, still fastened to the ugly old Christmas Tree!" he cried.

The Tree looked on all the flowers of the garden; he looked upon himself, and he wished from his heart that he had been left to wither alone in the dark room. He called to mind again his happy forest life and the merry Christmas Eve.

"Past, all past!" said the poor Tree. "Had I but been happy, as I might have been! Past, all past!"

And the servant came and broke the Tree into small pieces, heaped them up and set fire to them. And at last the Tree was burned.

The boys played about the court; on the coat of the youngest sparkled the gold star that the Tree had worn on the happiest evening of his life; but that was past, and the Tree was past, and the story also, past! ,past! for all stories must come to an end, sometime or other.

1. Who is the author of this selection? What other story in this book did he write? Where do you go to find quickly the answer to the last question?
2. Select three members of your class to find out something of interest about this author's life, and to report to-morrow.
3. Three important times in the life of the Fir Tree are described. What are they? Which is the happiest? Name the chief things that happen in each.





THE NEW YEAR

BY LUCY LARCOM

THERE'S a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere;
His baby eyes are bright
With hope and delight ;—
We welcome you, happy New Year.

3

There's an Old Year going, going
Away in the winter drear ;
His beard is like snow
And his footsteps are slow ;
Good-by to you, weary Old Year.

10

There is always a New Year coming ;
There is always an Old Year to go ;
And never a tear
Drops the happy New Year
As he scatters his gifts in the snow.

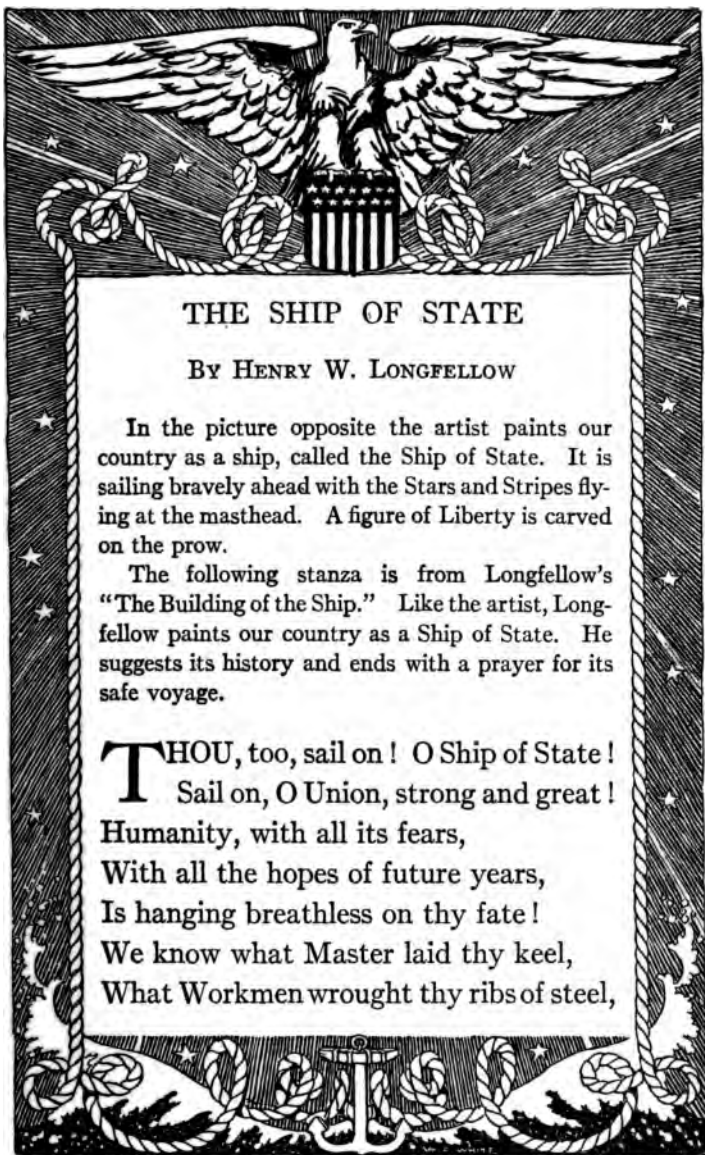
15

1. At exactly what time does the New Year begin? What is the New Year pictured as above? The Old Year?

OUR OWN COUNTRY

All of us belong to the same great country — The United States of America. It is the country of Washington and Lincoln. We believe it is the best country in the world. It is our duty as its citizens to love it, to defend it, and to make it better in every way we can.





THE SHIP OF STATE

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

In the picture opposite the artist paints our country as a ship, called the Ship of State. It is sailing bravely ahead with the Stars and Stripes flying at the masthead. A figure of Liberty is carved on the prow.

The following stanza is from Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship." Like the artist, Longfellow paints our country as a Ship of State. He suggests its history and ends with a prayer for its safe voyage.

THOU, too, sail on ! O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rung, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock ; 5
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore, 10
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
 Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee, —
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee ! 15

1. Study the full-page picture opposite the poem. What kind of ship is it? Why did the artist not make it a steam vessel?
2. Notice the decoration on page 149. What is the bird at the top? Why not a dove? What are the stars for? The rope?
3. Who is the Master, line 6, page 149? Who are the Workmen, line 7? Do you know what the Fourth of July means? How old is our nation?
4. What word would you probably have used in place of wrought, page 149; rent, page 150; triumphant, page 150? Show on the picture of the ship what is meant by "ribs of steel"; keel; mast. What is a forge; an anchor?
5. How many lines of the poem can you say without looking at your book?



HOW AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED

A LITTLE more than four hundred years ago there lived in Portugal a middle-aged Italian sailor whose name was Christopher Columbus. He was born in Genoa, the most famous seaport in Italy ; and there were few men who knew more about the sea than he. When only a small boy, he spent much of his time on the wharves, watching the ships coming and going, and listening to wonderful stories told by sailors about foreign lands.

10 When he was fourteen he became a sailor. He sailed first on one ship and then on another, and visited many of the great seaports on the Mediterranean. He sailed down the African coast as far as any ship captain had ever dared to go. He lived for a while on one of
15 the Madeira Islands, and studied the ocean. Then he went to Portugal, where he met some of the greatest seamen then living.

At that time the people of Europe had never heard of the great continent which we call America. The
20 wisest men among them had very little knowledge of

the world. They knew something about the countries near the Mediterranean Sea; they also had some knowledge of England, Germany, Norway, and even Iceland; and a few travelers had gone to Arabia and Persia, and even as far as the outskirts of India. All, the rest of the world was unknown.

For many years, the merchants of the Far East had been in the habit of sending rare and costly goods to Europe — silks, spices, and jewels of gold and precious stones. These treasures came from India and were¹⁰ carried across the great deserts on the backs of camels. At Constantinople or some seaport in western Asia, they were put on ships by traders and sent across the Mediterranean to be sold to the rich people in Europe. At one time nearly all the goods of this kind were¹⁵ carried to Venice and Genoa, two cities of Italy. The merchants of these cities became very rich, and the cities themselves grew to be very powerful.

Then from some place in the Far East came a warlike people called Turks. They overran all western Asia,²⁰ captured Constantinople, and made themselves masters of the country round about. They held the seaports, the mountain passes, and the desert routes through which the trade of India had always been carried.

Now how could the merchants and rich people of²⁵ Europe get the silks, spices, and jewels which they prized so highly? They must find some other way to India — some way that was not held by the dreaded Turk.

At the time that Columbus was living in Portugal this was the great question which the sea captains and traders were asking themselves: "How can we reach India by an easier and safer route than that across the
5 deserts and the lands of the Turks?"

"I can tell you," answered Columbus; "and if you will but supply the ships and the men, I will prove that I am right. The world, as the wisest men agree, is round like a ball or an apple. On one side of it are
10 Europe and Africa. Next to them, but reaching far over upon the other side, is Asia. The land really goes much more than halfway round the globe. The ocean, broad as it is, is like a vast river dividing the land on the east from the land on the west. On this
15 side is Europe, on that is Asia. Now to reach India, you have only to cross over this great river, as we may call it. In short, the best way to reach the East is by sailing west."

Most of the people who heard him laughed at his
20 queer ideas, and said he was crazy; but a few of the wiser men felt sure that he was right. At last he went to the king of Portugal. "If you will give me a ship and sailors," he said, "I will make a voyage across the Atlantic. I will find a new way to India. I ask only
25 a fair share of the honors and profits of the voyage."

The king was more than half won over. He thought that the plan might be worth trying; but he wanted all the honors and profits for himself.

So he sent out a ship secretly, to sail as far into the ocean as it could with safety. But the sailors at that time were afraid to go very far from the mainland. They called the Atlantic Ocean the "Sea of Darkness." They believed that if they sailed very far to the west, they would run into dreadful storms and other dangers, and in the end fall into a sea of boiling water from which there was no escape.

With sailors like these, the king's ship did not go far. It soon came back with a story of fierce storms and high waves. "To sail farther into the Sea of Darkness cannot be done," said the captain.

When Columbus found that he could get no help from the king of Portugal, he went to Spain. He would ask Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of that country, to help him try his plan of sailing westward to discover the East. He took his little son Diego with him.

One evening, weary from long walking, he came to a small convent near the town of Palos. He knocked at the gate, and asked for a drink of water and a bite of bread for little Diego. The head of the convent, Father Perez, saw the two travelers, and knew from their looks that they were no common beggars. He asked them to come in and rest. He talked with Columbus, and found that he was a man of much wisdom. He listened while his guest told him his ideas about the world and his plan for finding a way to India.



Columbus told the priest his whole story. He told him why he had left Portugal, and how he hoped to get Ferdinand and Isabella to help him. He was very sad as he went on to say that nobody in Spain would
5 listen to him; the king was busy carrying on a great war; the queen was not interested; people laughed when he explained his ideas. What should he do?

“Cheer up, my friend,” said Father Perez. “Try again and you will yet succeed. I will help you. I
10 myself will talk with the queen. She will listen to me, for I was once her confessor.”

Columbus did keep on trying; but it was still a long time before he succeeded. Several years passed by, — years of disappointments and hard trials, — and
15 then, just as he was getting ready to leave Spain, the

queen said that she would favor his plan, and the king agreed to give him the help that he asked.

Three ships were made ready for the voyage. Two of them, the *Niña* and the *Pinta*, were very small and had no decks. The third, called the *Santa Maria*, was a little larger, and was chosen by Columbus for his flagship.

Early one morning in midsummer the little fleet sailed away from the harbor of Palos. The sailors hardly hoped ever to return. They wept as the land faded from view. Most of them had been forced to go; the smaller ships, also, had been seized by order of the king and taken without the consent of their owners.

The voyage was a long one. The sailors begged to turn back; they even threatened the life of their commander. But Columbus would not give up. He stood on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, and eagerly watched for signs of land.

Onward, day after day, they sailed. By and by, birds came from the west and hovered about the ship. The water was full of seaweed. Surely land was near at hand.

On the night of the twelfth of October, 1492, a light was seen far over the water. It moved as if it were a torch being carried from place to place. When the day dawned, a green and sunny island was seen near by. There were trees on which hung fruits and flowers; flocks of birds were flying and singing among the



branches ; and groups of excited men and women were gazing with wonder at the three ships.

The anchors were dropped, the boats were let down, and Columbus, in a robe of scarlet and gold, was rowed
 5 to the shore with his chief officers. His first act was to kneel upon the sandy beach and give thanks to God for bringing his ships safely across the dreaded sea. Then the flag of Spain was unfurled, and in the
 name of the king and queen, Columbus took possession
 10 of the island, which he named San Salvador.

Soon the natives, filled with wonder at what they saw, came running to the shore. Some threw themselves into the water and swam out to the ships ; others brought bananas and yams and oranges and strange
 15 birds, and gave them to the sailors. " Surely," thought they, " these wonderful beings who seem to have sprung from the sea are more than common men like ourselves."

After this, Columbus and his sailors visited many
 20 other islands, and were more and more pleased with

what they saw. Everywhere there were bright flowers, climbing vines, and groves of palms and banana trees. The sea broke on pebbled beaches, the skies were blue; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers; the men thought that they had found paradise. 5

"Surely, this is a part of India," said Columbus; and he named the people Indians.

At last, after he had lost his largest ship in a storm, Columbus thought that it would be best to return to Spain and tell the story of his discoveries. The home-¹⁰ward voyage was a hard one; but, on the 15th of March, 1493, the stanch little *Niña*, with its great commander, sailed into the harbor of Palos. There was a great stir in the old town as the news was carried quickly from house to house, "Christopher Columbus, has returned." Bells were rung, cannon were fired, bonfires blazed, everybody rejoiced.

Columbus, in searching for a route to India, had discovered America.

1. Study with your teacher a map of the world of Columbus's time. How much of the world was then known? Have your teacher help you find the cities mentioned; also the trade routes to the Far East in Columbus's time.



COLUMBUS AND THE EGG

ONE day Columbus was at a dinner which a Spanish gentleman had given in his honor. Several of the nobles present were jealous of the honors Columbus had received; and they very soon began to try to make him uncomfortable.

"You have discovered strange lands beyond the sea," they said. "But what of that? We do not see why there should be so much said about it. Anybody can sail across the ocean; and anybody can coast along the islands on the other side, just as you have done. It is the simplest thing in the world."

Columbus made no answer; but after a while he took an egg from a dish and said to the company, "Who among you, gentlemen, can make this egg stand on end?"

One by one those at the table tried the experiment. When the egg had gone entirely around and none had succeeded, all said that it could not be done.

Then Columbus took the egg and struck its small end gently upon the table so as to break the shell a little. After that there was no trouble in making it stand upright.

"Gentlemen," said he, "what is easier than to do this which you said was impossible? It is the simplest thing in the world. Anybody can do it — *after he has been shown how.*"

TWO LITTLE AMERICANS

Many years ago, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, there lived two little boys who grew up to be very famous men. Both were born in the same year — one on the twenty-second of February, the other a month earlier. Their homes were only a few miles apart, and they were firm friends and playmates. The name of the older boy was Richard Henry Lee, and that of the younger was George Washington.

Sometimes they amused themselves by writing letters to each other. Two of these letters, written when the boys were nine years of age, have been preserved. Here is the one which Richard Henry wrote :

To George Washington

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures. He got them in Alexandria ; they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things.

Cousin bids me send you one of them. It has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like Uncle Jo's Sam. Pa says if I learn my tasks well, he will let Uncle Jo take me to see you. Will you ask your ma to let you come to see me?

RICHARD HENRY LEE. 10

George Washington's reply is very interesting, but many of the words were misspelled. Here it is with the errors corrected :

To Richard Henry Lee

Dear Dickey :

I thank you very much for the picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I

showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son.

5 I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy.

She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben
10 will go with me and lead Hero.

I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's compliments to R. H. L.,
15 And likes his book full well.
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.
Your good friend

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

20 I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it.



THE YOUNG SURVEYOR

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, was a farmer, and owned large tracts of land on the banks of the Potomac. While he was still a child the family, moved to Stafford County, on the Rappahannock River. Here George was sent to what is called "an old field school" — a log house with only one room, where children were taught to read and write and cipher.

When his father died, George was left to the care of his mother. But he could not have had a better person to look after him. "Mary, the mother of Washington," as she is called, was a lady of the highest character. She wished, above everything else, to make George a good man; and she taught him to love God, and to kneel beside her and say his prayers night and morning. She also taught him always to tell the truth, and to do his duty in everything. These lessons, learned by him while he was still a boy, had very much to do with causing him to become so great a man.

George was very fond of outdoor sports — of riding and hunting, and games in which skill and strength are shown. In time he grew to be a very tall and very strong young man. It is said that he once threw a stone across the Rappahannock River at the city of Fredericksburg; and there are very few men who could do as much. He did not, however, neglect improving his mind, and trying to learn everything that would be useful to him in after life. He kept a book in which he wrote down wise sayings, and rules to follow: he also taught himself how to keep accounts, and how to survey land.

When George was fourteen years old, he was a tall, strong boy, and longed to lead the life of a soldier or a sailor. He thought that he would like being a sailor the better of the two; and through the influence of his brother, Lawrence, he was appointed a midshipman in the English navy. But his poor mother grieved at the thought that she was going to be parted from her boy, and might never see him again. When George, in his fine new uniform, went to tell her good-by, she covered her face with her hands and cried. At this the boy gave way; he could not bear to distress his mother, and at once gave up all his plans. He took off his fine uniform, gave up his place as midshipman, and stayed at home to take care of his mother.

George went often to Mount Vernon to visit his brother Lawrence. Here he came to know Lord Fair-

fax, whose brother lived near by, and he and Lord Fairfax soon became great friends. The old Englishman, who was a tall, spare, nearsighted man, was very fond of hunting, and liked to have George go with him. So they often rode out fox-hunting together, and Lord Fairfax came to think very highly of the boy. He saw that he was a stout, manly young fellow, who was always willing to make himself useful in some way; and this led him to hire George to survey his wild lands beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. 10

It was a fine day in early spring of the year 1748 when George set out on his surveying trip. A nephew of Lord Fairfax went with him, and they rode along in high spirits toward the mountains. George was just sixteen, and in good health, and, as other boys would 15 have been, delighted at the thought of meeting with adventure. He had brought his gun with him to hunt, and his surveyor's instruments were packed in a leathern case on the back part of his saddle.

The two friends crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's 20 Gap, and forded the bright waters of the Shenandoah. They then turned a little to the left, and made their way towards Greenway Court. This was a sort of lodge built by Lord Fairfax in the woods, and afterwards used by him as a dwelling house. It was a 25 house with broad stone gables, and a roof sloping down over a long porch in front. On the top of the roof were two towers with bells in them, which were

meant to give the alarm when Indians were coming to attack.

George and his friend soon reached Greenway Court, where they were kindly received by Lord Fairfax's manager; and then, after a short rest, they began to survey the lands along the banks of the Shenandoah River. This must have been pleasant business to them. The spring was just opening, and the leaves were beginning to bud in the woods. The sun shone brightly and on every side were long blue ranges of mountains, like high walls placed there to guard the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah.

Surveying, in itself, is hard work; but the free open-air life which surveyors lead makes it very pleasant work. George and his friend enjoyed it very much. They worked faithfully all day, and at night stopped at the rude house of some settler in the woods; or, if no house was seen, they built a fire, covered themselves with their cloaks, and slept in the open air. They went on in this manner until they reached the Potomac River. They then rode up the stream, and over the mountains until they reached what is now called Berkeley Springs, where they camped out, as usual, under the stars. There were no houses there then; but later a town was built; and, long afterwards, Washington often spent a part of the summer there with his family, in order that they might drink the mineral waters, which are said to be good for the sick.



George and his friend did not meet with many adventures; but, for the first time in their lives, they had a sight of the savages. They stopped at the house of a settler one day, and were soon afterwards surprised by the sudden coming of a band of Indians. They, were about thirty in number, with their half-naked bodies covered with paint, which meant that they had been at war with their enemies. Indeed, one of them had a scalp hanging at his belt.

George and his friend must have been shocked at the sight of the scalp; but the Indians soon made them laugh. They danced their war dance, as they called it. One of them stretched a deerskin over an iron pot and drummed upon it, while another rattled a gourd in which were some shot. Then one of the savages leaped up, and began to dance and turn and tumble

about in the most ridiculous manner, while all the rest yelled and whooped as loud as they could, around a large fire which they had built. Altogether it was a strange sight, and the two young men must have looked on with wonder at such doings.

Several weeks were spent by the young surveyors in this wild country. They cooked their meat by holding it to the fire on forked sticks, and for dishes they used chips or pieces of bark. Sometimes it rained very hard, and then they were drenched. At one time some straw on which they were sleeping caught fire, and they woke just in time to save themselves from being burned. Sometimes they slept in houses; but this was not much better than sleeping in the open air.

15 In the month of April the two young men recrossed the mountains, and again reached Greenway Court. Here they found good beds and every comfort, and rested after their long ride. In a few days they crossed the Blue Ridge, and returned home. Lord Fairfax

20 was highly pleased with what they had done; and the young men, too, were no doubt very well satisfied.

— *Stories of the Old Dominion.*

1. What were the names of George Washington's parents? Describe the "old field school."

2. How do we know that George's mother was a good mother? Why did George not become a sailor?

3. What adventures did he have on his surveying trip?

4. Why do we love and honor Washington? Why is February

22 a holiday?



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

'BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
5 The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

10 Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
15 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
20 And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
25 Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went 9
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead; 10
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats. 15

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near, 20
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill, 25
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

5 A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the
10 light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
15 And beneath him tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

20 It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
25 That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare, 5
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town. 10
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed 15
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, — 20
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road, 25
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
3 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
10 The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

1. The American colonists were on the edge of the War of the Revolution with Great Britain. British soldiers were in Boston. Northwest of that city, beyond the Charles River, lie Lexington and Concord. These towns were the homes of many Minutemen (men ready to fight at a minute's notice), and of outspoken leaders of the colonists. At Concord, too, the Americans were supposed to have a hidden supply of ammunition. It was to destroy this supply and to arrest certain leaders that the British made their famous march. They could go all the way by land, or run their vessels up the Charles River and so shorten the march.

With these facts in mind, re-read the poem.

2. Dramatize, with one of your classmates, Revere's arrival at the door of a Minuteman.

3. Explain line 11, page 171; lines 15-19, page 172; the last six lines.



SONG OF MARION'S MEN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

One of the great American leaders in the Revolutionary War was Francis Marion. With a handful of brave men he worried the British all the time they were in the South.

OUR band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;

The British soldier trembles

When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,

5

Our tent the cypress tree ;

We know the forest round us

As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,

Its glades of reedy grass,

10

Its safe and silent islands

Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery

That little dread us near !

On them shall light at midnight

15

A strange and sudden fear :

When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
5 And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
10 From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
15 And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pinetop grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
20 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
25 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain ;

'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts the tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day!

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

1. In this poem, who is supposed to be speaking? What was Marion's method of warfare?

2. What and where is the "broad Santee"? What is meant by "Our fortress is the good greenwood"? "Its safe and silent islands"?

3. Words: cý'prëss; mō-räss'; bārb; spoil; hōary. Use each in a sentence of your own.

4. Who is the author of this? What other poets do you know something about?



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SCHOOL DAYS

BY JAMES BALDWIN

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a boy, there were very few books in the cabins of the backwoods settlement where he lived. There was no schoolhouse in the neighborhood; but it was not long before the people made up their minds that they must have one. So one day after harvest, the men met together, chopped down trees, and built a small, low-roofed log cabin to serve as a schoolhouse for their children.

If you could see that cabin, you would think it a very queer kind of schoolhouse. There was no floor except the trodden earth. One small window admitted light through strips of greased paper, which the early settlers often used in place of glass. There were no desks, and rough benches, made of logs split in halves, were used as seats. In one end of the room, opposite

the low doorway, was a huge fireplace, where great logs crackled and blazed in the wintertime.

The term of school was short, for the settlers could not afford to pay very much for a teacher. It was in midwinter, for then there was no work for the older boys to do on the newly cleared farms.

The big boys as well as the girls and the smaller boys, for miles around, came to school to learn what they could. Most of the children studied only spelling, but some of the larger ones learned reading and writing and arithmetic.

There were not very many pupils, for the houses in that new settlement were few and far apart. The school began at an early hour in the morning, and did not close until the sun was down.

Such was Abraham Lincoln's first school. After a few weeks the term came to a close; and the lad was again as busy as ever about his father's farm. After that he attended school only two or three short terms. If all his school days were put together, they would not make a twelvemonth.

But he kept on reading and studying at home. His stepmother said of him: "He read everything he could lay his hands on. When he came to a passage that pleased him, he would write it down on the wooden shovel or on boards, if he had no paper. Then he would copy it, commit it to memory, and repeat it again and again."

Lincoln's father was too poor to furnish lamps or even candles for his family to burn at night. However, they had a big fireplace at one end of the log house. There was wood in plenty, and Lincoln brought in
5 piles of dry logs for the fire.

The bright blaze shed a strong light over all the room, and the boy, lying flat on the floor with his books in front of him, spent his long evenings in reading and study. In this way he read the Bible, "Pilgrim's
10 Progress," and Æsop's Fables many times over.

One day Lincoln walked a long distance to borrow a book of a farmer. This book was a life of Washington. He read as much of it as he could while walking home. By that time it was dark, and so he sat down
15 by the chimney and read by firelight until bedtime. Then he took the book with him to his bed in the loft, and read by the light of a tallow candle. In an hour the candle burned out.

He laid the book in a crevice between two of the
20 logs of the cabin, so that he might begin reading again as soon as it was daylight. But in the night a storm came up. The rain was blown in, and the book was wet through and through. In the morning, when Abraham awoke, he saw what had happened. He
25 dried the leaves as well as he could, and then finished reading the remaining chapters.

As soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he hurried to carry the book to its owner. He explained how the

accident had happened, and then he said: "I wish to pay you for the book. I have no money; but if you will let me, I will work for you until I have earned enough to pay for it." It was then agreed that the lad should help the farmer gather corn for three days,⁵ and thus Abraham became the owner of the delightful book.

He read the story of Washington many times over. He carried the book with him to the field, and read it while he was following the plow. From that time,¹⁰ Washington was the one great hero whom he admired. Why could not he model his own life after that of Washington?

One day a neighbor, riding along the road with his little boy, passed young Lincoln sitting on the top of¹⁵ an old rail fence. The lad was reading so intently that he did not notice the approach of the wagon. "Mark what I say," said the father, "that boy will make a smart man of himself some day. If you live, you will find that my words will come true."²⁰

And come true they did.

1. Where was Abraham Lincoln born? Where did he live during most of his boyhood? How did he get his education? What books did he read? Have you read any of these?

2. Why is Lincoln regarded as one of our greatest patriots? When do we celebrate Lincoln's birthday?

A SONG OF OUR FLAG

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

YOUR Flag and my Flag !
And, oh, how much it holds —

Your land and my land —

Secure within its folds !

5 Your heart and my heart

Beat quicker at the sight ;

Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,

Red and blue and white.

The one Flag — the great Flag — the Flag for
10 me and you —

Glorified all else beside — the red and white
and blue !

Your Flag and my Flag !

To every star and stripe

15 The drums beat as hearts beat

And fifers shrilly pipe !

Your Flag and my Flag —

A blessing in the sky ;

Your hope and my hope —

20 It never hid a lie !

Home land and far land and half the world
around,

Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples
to the sound !

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

BY SAMUEL F. SMITH

This song was written in 1831, to be sung at a Fourth-of-July celebration. It is now the best-known and most popular of all our patriotic hymns.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

1. Do you know the tune to which these verses are sung? Hum it. Learn the words by heart by singing this song in class with your fellows.
2. How many sections in the poem? These are called stanzas. Which stanza is hardest to learn by heart?
3. Pick out a part of the poem you may not understand. Select some one in class to explain it to you.
4. What other patriotic songs do you know? At what times should you certainly sing them?

PATRIOTS

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

OUR Country first, their glory and their pride,
 Land of their hopes, land where their fathers
 died :
 When in the right, they'll keep thy honor bright ;
 , When in the wrong, they'll fight to set it right.



PLEDGES

I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

I believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to honor it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

Flag of Freedom! true to thee,
All our Thoughts, Words, Deeds shall be, —
Pledging steadfast Loyalty!

1. Everybody in class is to write a patriotic pledge of not over thirty words. Papers are to be exchanged, and then read aloud. You are to vote by ballot on the best. The one chosen is to be copied on the board for everybody to read.

2. Suppose a stranger came into your school. He is from another country. Explain to him what a pledge is and why you have it.

FOLK STORIES

Folk stories are tales that have been handed down by word of mouth from father to son, from mother to daughter. Nobody knows where or when these stories began; and they have been changed somewhat in their many tellings. Every people has its own folk stories. This country has given the world the beautiful tales of our American Indians.



THE COMING OF SEEGWUN

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

This is a folk story which the Chippewa Indians used to tell around their lodge fires in the cold winter evenings. The Chippewas lived along the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior and were generally friendly to the white people.

The story lends itself very well to oral reading. Read it aloud to your classmates.

A LODGE was beside a mighty stream. Beyond were fir trees with cones upon them. They stood black against the sunset, and the sunset sky was crimson gold. White were the pines, whiter the hillside. The hilltops were so white one could not tell them from the clouds. The voice of the stream was silent. The waters sang no longer, for they were as glass, cold and still.

Within the lodge sat an old man. He was very old and very lonely. His hair was like the snow-covered vines which hung from the forest trees. His face was pinched, for his fire was nearly out, and he was cold.

One day his tent flap was lifted, and a brave entered. He was young. His lips were red as blood, his cheek was smooth and pink, his eyes were bright as sunshine. His lips smiled. He walked quickly. No war bonnet was on his head, but a wealth of green leaves bound his brow. In his hand he carried no bow, no arrows, but a flower.



"It is you!" said the old man. "It is long since I saw you. Tell me where you have been and what you have seen. Stay with me through the night. I will relate to you all I have done, and what I am able to do. You do the same."

"I will do so," said the stranger, seating himself beside the dying fire.

"First we must smoke the pipe of peace together," said the old man. So he took an old and beautiful pipe and filled it and gave it to the young man, and they smoked together. Then the old man said:

"When I breathe with my breath upon the streams and rivers, they are still. They talk no more. The ripples of the waters are silent, they are stiff and still, hard as stone and smooth as glass."

"That is wonderful," said the young man, gently.

"When I breathe my breath, it is so soft that flowers creep from beneath the ground and bloom in beauty."

"When I nod my head," said the white-haired one, "snows fall upon the earth. The brown leaves of autumn float from the trees. With my breath I blow them away. My breath chills the birds, and they fly southward. The animals fear, and hunt for themselves hiding places. The ground is hard and cold. I am terrible!"

10 "I am kind," said his guest. "When I nod my head, gentle rains fall, the earth is moist, green things spring up. Dew is upon the flowers, the birds fly home again and sing their sweetest songs in the greening groves. Streams babble and sparkle, and all earth is glad. I
15 am kind."

The old man answered not. He seemed to sleep, and the young man said, "I will not awaken him"; and he too slept.

At last morning broke across the snowy hills, and
20 they were rosy as young children after sleep. A bluebird sang in the treetops. A soft, warm air breathed over the land. With it there stole the scent of flowers. The young man woke and smiled. He heard the gurgle of the stream flowing past the lodge.

25 "Awake, old man," he cried. "Awake and see the beauty I have brought. Know you not that I am Seegwun, the Spring?"

But the old man answered not. A long sigh broke

from his lips ; and as Seegwun looked he saw him fade away, and in his stead there grew a tiny flower, the miskodeed, pink and white, beautiful and fragrant.

“Now I know thee,” cried Seegwun. “Thou art Pebran, the winter !” And a voice sighed through the lodge : “Farewell, O Seegwun, farewell.”

— *Indian Folk Tales.*

1. Make a little play out of this story. How many scenes would you have? What would be in each? How many actors?
2. Who was the old man in the lodge? What is the Chippewa name for him? What did he finally turn into?
3. Who was the young man? What is the Chippewa name for him?
4. How do you explain the going of winter and the coming of spring? Explain to your classmates, if you can, how and why we really have our seasons.
5. The *miskodeed* is the trailing arbutus, a flower that blossoms before the snow is off the ground. This story not only pictures the coming of spring, but it also accounts for the beginning of the miskodeed. Many folk stories try to explain how things came to be. Can you name any of them?





THE APE AND THE FIREFLY

BY A. O. STAFFORD

ONE evening the firefly was on his way to visit a friend. As he passed the ape's house, the ape called out,

"Mr. Firefly, why do you carry a light?"

5 "Because I am afraid of the mosquitoes," the firefly replied.

"What a coward you are!" said the ape.

"No, I am not a coward," was the quick reply.

"If you are not afraid," asked the ape, "why do you
10 always carry a lantern?"

"I carry a lantern so that I can see the mosquitoes, when they come to bite me, and defend myself."

The ape was so amused that he laughed loudly. The next day he told all his neighbors that the firefly
15 carried a light at night, because he was a coward.

The firefly heard what the ape had said and was very angry. Though it was night, he hastened to the ape's house. He found his enemy asleep, but he flashed his light in the ape's face and wakened him
20 suddenly.

"Who's there?" called out the ape.

"It is I," said the firefly. "Why did you tell everyone that I was a coward? I will fight you on the plaza to-morrow evening, and will show you who is the braver."

"Have you anyone to do battle with you?" inquired the ape.

"No," replied the firefly, "I will come alone."

The ape laughed at the idea of such a little creature presuming to fight him alone, but the firefly continued, "I shall expect you on the plaza about six o'clock to-morrow evening."

"You had better bring some one to help you," replied the ape, "for I shall bring my whole company, about a thousand apes, each as big as myself." •

He said this to frighten the little insect, who seemed to him to have lost his senses. But the firefly replied, "I shall not need any companions. I shall come alone."

The ape then called together his whole company of apes and told them of the proposed fight. He ordered each one to get a club three feet long, and to meet him on the plaza, at six o'clock the next evening. Every member of the company was amazed at this order, but, as they always obeyed their captain, they promised to be ready at the appointed time and place.

The next evening, just before six o'clock, they all assembled on the plaza and found the firefly already waiting for them.

He gave the signal that he was ready.

The ape drew his company up in line, with himself at the head. Suddenly the firefly lighted on the ape's nose. The ape next in line struck at the firefly. He missed the insect, but dealt his captain such a blow on the nose that the leader fell senseless to the ground.

The firefly, when he saw the blow coming, jumped on the nose of the next ape. The third ape struck at the firefly on the second ape's nose, but missed the insect and dealt his companion such a blow on the nose so that he, too, fell senseless on the ground.

The firefly, meanwhile, had flown to the nose of the third ape. But the third ape met the same fate as the others. And so on down the line, until not one ape was left standing. They had fallen to the ground like a row of ninepins. The firefly flew triumphantly over them.

"Spare our lives!" they pleaded, as they threw down their clubs.

"Who now can say that the firefly is a coward?" was the answer.

The apes all hung their heads in shame.

The firefly graciously spared their lives. But ever since, apes have been in mortal terror of fireflies.

— *Animal Fables.*

1. What happens in this story? How does it apply to people?
2. Make a list of five words from this story for your classmates to spell and explain.



WOO SING AND THE MIRROR

BY MARY H. DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG

This is a story translated from the Chinese language. Although called a folk tale, it is a truthful little story which Chinese parents tell their children in order to teach them a lesson of kindness and forbearance.

Read the story silently to find out how rapidly you can get its entire sense. Can you read it in one minute?

ONE day Woo Sing's father brought home a mirror from the great city. Woo Sing had never seen a mirror before. It was hung in the room while he was out at play, so when he came in he did not understand what it was, but thought he saw another boy. This made him very happy, for he thought the boy had come to play with him.

He spoke to the stranger in a very friendly way, but received no reply. He laughed and waved his hand at the boy in the glass, who did the same thing, in exactly the same way. Then Woo Sing thought, "I will go closer. It may be that he does not hear

me." But when he began to walk, the other boy imitated him.

Woo Sing stopped to think about these strange actions, and he said to himself, "This boy mocks me, he does everything that I do." The more he thought about it, the angrier he grew, and soon he noticed that the boy was becoming angry too. So Woo Sing grew very much enraged and struck at the boy in the glass; but he only hurt his own hand, and he went crying to his father.

The father said, "The boy you saw was your own image. This should teach you an important lesson, my son. You ought never to show your anger before other people. You struck at the boy in the glass and hurt only yourself. Now remember, that in real life when you strike without cause you will hurt yourself more than anyone else."

— *Chinese Fables and Folk Tales.*

1. After a single reading, test yourself by trying to write in order the events of the story.

2. What do you think of little Woo Sing? Was Woo Sing as old as you are? Why is it dangerous for a person to become angry? Are there some things at which a person should be angry?

3. What other Chinese story is in this book? Find it and read it. Are the two stories alike? If so, in what way?

4. *Aesop's Fables* contains many stories that teach good lessons. You may know the one about the angry dog that growled at his shadow in the water, and so lost the bone he was carrying in his mouth. How is such a story like "Woo Sing"?



GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF

BY GILBERT L. WILSON

This is an Indian legend about the great hero of a tribe that once lived in Maine and Nova Scotia. The hero-gods of early peoples like the Indians often came down to help their tribes, just as Glooskap does in this tale.

Time yourself carefully on your first silent reading of the story.

UP in the mountains there was a village of Indians. Their town was only a dozen lodges, but the villagers thought it the finest in all the world.

A brook of clearest, cool water flowed by the town. Very proud were the Indians of their brook! They never tired drinking from it. Indeed, it was all they had to drink. There was not a spring, not even a rain puddle, on the mountain side. So the villagers drank for many years; but a summer came when their brook ran low. The maidens went each morning to the watering place, to come back with kettles not half filled.

"The brook is failing!" they said.

"It will rise again," said the old women,

GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF 197

But the brook did not rise. Lower it sank, until the maidens came back one morning with empty kettles; the bed of the brook was dry.

The chief called the older men to a council.

5 "What shall we do?" he asked.

A pipe was passed. An old man arose.

"We have heard," he said, "that farther up in the mountains is another village of Indians. It is they who stop our brook! Let a runner go and see if it
10 is not so!"

He sat down, and the others cried, "Ho, ho!" The speech pleased them. The chief called a fleet runner and said to him: "Go to the strange village. Ask
them why they stop our brook!"

15 The runner set off, and on the third day came to the strange village. There he saw what kept back the water. A dam was raised across the bed of the brook, backing the water into a wide pond.

Two men came out of a wigwam. They spoke to
20 the runner, but did not ask him into their lodge.

"Why have you built the dam?" the runner asked them.

"Our chief did it; ask him!" the men answered. They told the runner that their chief lived in the pond.

25 The runner found the chief lying in the mud, sunning himself. He was big, fat, ugly. He had a wide mouth, and his yellow eyes stuck out like warts. His body was green.

"Ump!" he croaked like a great frog. "What do you want?"

"I want water," said the runner. "You have dammed our brook, and our villagers have no water to drink!"

The chief laughed; and swelling out his throat, he bellowed:

"Do as you please!
What do I care,
If you want water?
Go somewhere else!
Go somewhere else!"

"We must have water," cried the runner. "Our people have nothing to drink!"

The chief laughed again. Lazily he sprang to the middle of the dam and made a hole in it with the point of an arrow. A little water flowed out. The chief sprang back to his place in the mud and bellowed:

"Up and begone,
Up and begone,
Up and begone!"

The runner went away, sorrowful. When he got home his story made much stir among the villagers. For a few days, there was a little water in the brook, but it soon dried up and they were thirsty again. The chief called another council.

GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF 199

"Unless we get water," he said, "we shall die of thirst. Let us choose our bravest warrior and send him to the strange village. There let him break the dam, or slay the chief and die fighting!"

5 The speech pleased the villagers. Each wanted to be the one to go.

Glooskap knew all that was going on in the world. It pleased him, who loved brave men, to see the villagers bent on breaking the dam. "I will help them!"
10 he said. He rose and dressed for war. The villagers were arming one of their own men to go, when Glooskap strode into the council.

Very terrible he looked. He wore a bonnet of eagles' feathers, and carried a lance in his hand. His cheeks
15 were painted red, and green rings were around his eyes. Clamshells hung from his ears. Two eagle wings flapped from the back of his neck. The Indians looked at him with awe. The young women thought him very handsome.

20 "What is this you do?" Glooskap asked them. The villagers told him of their plan.

"Let me go," Glooskap cried; "I will break the dam!"

He set off up the bed of the brook, and reached the
25 strange village the third day. At the edge of the town, he sat down on the log, to rest. No one came out to greet him. A boy came by. Glooskap called to him, "Fetch me water to drink!"

"I cannot," answered the boy. "Our chief keeps all the water for himself."

"Go to your chief and get me water!" cried Glooskap.

He drew out his pipe and smoked, waiting. An hour had passed when the boy came back with a cup of slimy, muddy water.

Glooskap threw the cup on the ground. "Take me to your chief!" he cried.

The boy led him to the dam. There in the mud lay the chief, sunning himself. Only his head was out of water.

He stared at Glooskap with his yellow eyes. "What do you want?" he croaked.

"I want a drink of good water!" Glooskap cried, angrily.

The chief laughed aloud and bellowed:

"Ump, ump, away with you,
Ump, ump, away with you!"

Glooskap rose in anger; and shouting his war whoop, ran the chief through with his lance.

And lo, the village disappeared; and from the chief's body gushed a mighty river that burst the dam and went roaring down the brook's bed. The chief had swallowed all the waters of the brook.

Glooskap rose until he touched the clouds. He

GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF 201

reached down, caught the chief, and squeezed him in his mighty grip. When he opened his fingers again, he held only a great, ugly bullfrog! Glooskap tossed him into the stream.

— *Indian Hero Tales.*

1. Where and what are Maine and Nova Scotia? In which direction do they lie from where you live?
2. You will be interested to know that the tribe of Indians mentioned herein called themselves Men of the East; or Men of the Whitening Sky at Daybreak. Why should they take such names as these? Can you give the names of any Indians you have heard about? Can you name any states or cities that have Indian names?
3. Describe Glooskap's make-up when he went to fight the frog chief. How was Glooskap fooled on who the chieftain was?
4. This story accounts for the coming of the bullfrog. What other story in this section tells about the beginning of a plant or animal?
5. Try to find out by to-morrow an Indian story of some kind to tell the class.





GREEDY FAWN AND THE PORRIDGE

BY MABEL POWERS

IN the days when there was no one living in this country but the Indians, there were no houses; there were only Indian wigwams. There were no roads and no streets, but Indian trails.

At that time there grew a wonderful chestnut, which the Indians used in their cooking. A very small bit of this chestnut grated into a kettle would make a potful of porridge.

In a certain wigwam lived Deerheart and Sky Elk, and their little son Greedy Fawn. The mother was called Deerheart because she was so loving, and gentle, and kind. The father was named Sky Elk because he was so strong and fleet of foot. Greedy Fawn, too, came rightly by his name. You will soon know why.

One day, Deerheart and Sky Elk went on a long trail. As they left the wigwam, they said to Greedy Fawn, "Do not touch the chestnut; do not build a fire while we are away."

5 Greedy Fawn promised. He watched his father and mother disappear down the western trail. Then he went back to the wigwam.

"Now," thought he, "I will have all the porridge I want."

10 So he ran and gathered some sticks. He built a fire with the sticks. Then he hung the kettle over the fire, and put some water in it. Then he found the chestnut. He grated a little of the chestnut into the kettle, and began to stir. Then he grated some more,
15 and some more, and some more.

Faster and faster Greedy Fawn stirred the boiling porridge, for it began to swell and fill the kettle.

Larger and larger, it grew, and it grew, and it grew.

Greedy Fawn was so frightened he did not know
20 what to do.

"Oh, will it never stop swelling?" he thought. Harder and harder he stirred to keep the porridge from boiling over. Beads of perspiration ran down his little bronze face, yet still he stirred. He dared
25 not stop.

Then he remembered that sometimes his mother would rap the kettle with the porridge stick, if it became too full.

Rap, rap, rap, went the porridge stick on the edge of the kettle. Instantly the *kettle* began to swell. Larger, and larger, and larger it grew. Greedy Fawn was so frightened he did not know what to do.

Now Greedy Fawn could not reach across the kettle, to stir the porridge with his stick, so he began to run around it. And around, and around, and around the kettle he ran, stirring, and stirring, and stirring.

At last the kettle was so large that it nearly filled the wigwam. There was just space enough left for Greedy Fawn to run around it. And around, and around, and around the kettle he ran, stirring, and stirring, and stirring.

Oh, how his little arms ached! And how tired his small legs were! But still he ran. He dared not stop.

Here was porridge enough to last a small boy a lifetime, and he could not stop to taste one mouthful!

At last Greedy Fawn could run no longer. He stumbled and fell by the side of the kettle. He was too weak to rise. The stick fell from his hand, and the porridge boiled on. Higher, and higher, and higher it rose, until it ran over and down the sides of the kettle. Closer, and closer the boiling porridge crept to the little Indian boy, and soon Greedy Fawn and his stick were nearly buried in porridge.

For once Greedy Fawn had all the porridge he wanted. And never again would he have wanted anything, had

not Deerheart and Sky Elk heard his cries, and come running like deer up the trail to save him.

1. This is a selection from Mabel Powers's little book entitled, *Stories the Iroquois tell their Children*. How do you like it?

2. Why did Indian parents tell this story to their children? Can one be greedy about things other than food? Explain your answer.

3. Some stories read well aloud. Others do not. This story is one that is very excellent to listen to. Practice reading it aloud until you can tell it in almost the way it is told here. Then tell it at home or before your class with all the spirit you can get into it.

4. Make up a list of the names of all the books you know that have good folk stories in them. Appoint some one in the class to write on the board a list of these titles that everybody has brought. Copy the list for your own reading next summer.



THE STAG AT THE POOL

By Æsop

ONE hot day a stag came to a spring to drink. He saw his shadow reflected in the water, and greatly admired the size and beauty of his horns. But he felt ashamed of his feet ; they were slender and weak.

While he was looking at himself, a lion suddenly appeared. The stag immediately fled, with the lion in pursuit. As long as the ground was level and open, the stag easily distanced his pursuer.

But a wood lay ahead. Into this the deer plunged, and at once his horns became entangled in the bushes. The lion quickly came up and found his game already trapped.

Then the stag reproached himself in these words : "Woe is me ! How I have deceived myself ! These feet, which would have saved me, I despised. I gloried in my antlers, and they have led me to destruction."

Moral : What is most truly valuable is often underrated.

1. What other story of Æsop have you read? Who was Æsop?

THE BUSY WORLD

We are all interested in learning how things are done in the world, and how other people help us to live. Such knowledge helps us to find out what our own work should be. Better still it causes us to look upon everybody as a part of a big family working for each other's comforts.



OUR HELPERS

BY CHARLES J. BARNES

"FATHER," said John, as they were sitting down to breakfast, "I wish we had as many men to work for us as Mr. Rice has to work for him. He has six men mowing this morning. We don't have any-
5 one to help us."

"Oh, yes, we do, John. We have many more than six men helping us. It took — let me see — it took at least a hundred persons to help get our breakfast."

"Why, father, you must be joking. Maggie got it
10 all alone. No one helped her."

"Let us see," said his father. "Your mother has a cup of tea this morning, and I have a cup of coffee. Do you know how the tea came here?"

"You bought it," said John.

15 "Yes, I bought it at Mr. Gray's store, but where did he get it? He did not raise it from the seed, and it did not grow in this country."

"I know that," said John. "Tea comes from China."

"How many persons do you think it took to get
20 that cup of tea for your mother?"

"Two. You bought it, and Maggie made it."

"But somebody in China planted the seeds. Then

the leaves had to be picked off, and dried, and packed into chests, and carried to the ship that was to take the tea to this country.

"Then the ship, which it took a great many men to build, brought the tea here. But the ship could not come without sailors, so we must count them as having helped us.

"Other men took the tea from the ship to a store in the city. Then Mr. Gray, the storekeeper, bought a chest of it, and sent it to his store by express. I bought it of him, and Maggie boiled the water, and steeped it.

"But Maggie couldn't have given it to your mother, as she now has it, if we had not had a stove, a teapot, and cups and saucers. A great many men must have worked to supply us with these."

"And the spoons, and the sugar for the tea," said John. "Will you please to give me a small piece of steak and a slice of bread?"

"Yes," said his father; "if you will tell me how many people helped to get them for you."

"Oh, I can't tell," said John; "I believe now it took a thousand men to get us a breakfast. I am sure it took a hundred for a cup of tea, and that is the smallest part of a breakfast. I never thought that other people did so much for us."

1. List the people who helped you get your dinner to-day. How are the industries pictured on page 208 connected with your dinner?



THE MILLER OF THE DEE

BY CHARLES MACKAY

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night —
No lark so blithe as he;
5 And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
“I envy nobody — no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal;
10 “As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
15 While I am sad, though I’m a king,
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap :

“I earn my bread,” quoth he ;

“I love my wife, I love my friend,

I love my children three ;

I owe no penny I cannot pay ;

I thank the river Dee,

That turns the mill that grinds the corn

That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,

“Farewell ! and happy be !

But say no more, if thoud’st be true,

That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown ;

Thy mill, my kingdom’s fee ;

Such men as thou are England’s boast,

O miller of the Dee !”

1. Charles Mackay was a Scottish poet and prose writer (1814-1880). What do these dates mean? His works were once very popular but he is now remembered chiefly by this little poem. What is there about it that people like?

2. Word helps: Dee — A small river in the western part of England; King Hal = King Henry; doffed — Took off; quoth — Said, remarked; meal’y — Covered with meal or flour; fee — Treasures, wealth.

3. What kind of man is the miller? Would you like to have him for a friend and neighbor? Why?

4. What does the king mean in line 13, page 212? Do you like the king? What did the king and the miller each do to help the busy world?

HOW CRUSOE MADE POTTERY

BY DANIEL DEFOE

This is a selection from the famous story of *Robinson Crusoe*, which was written in 1719 and is read by every boy who loves books. Crusoe's ship was wrecked on a lonely island and he alone escaped to the shore. The book tells how he lived alone for twenty-eight years, how he escaped from savages, and how he made for himself some things he needed.

I HAD now a great employment on my hands — to make, by some means or other, some earthen vessels. These I sorely needed, but could not think how to make them.

5 However, remembering the heat of the climate, I felt sure that if I could find the right sort of clay, I should be able to shape some rough pots out of it, and dry them in the sun. These would be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and would hold
10 anything that was dry, such as corn and meal.

It would make you pity me, or rather laugh at me, to know how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste: what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in and how many fell out,
15 the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how some cracked by the great heat of the sun; and how others crumbled into dust the moment I touched them.

In short, after having labored hard for two months
20 to find the right kind of clay, — to dig it, to bring it

home, and to shape it, — I had only two great ugly earthen things, not worthy to be called jars.

When the sun had baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them up very gently, and set them down again in two large wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break. Between the jars and baskets there was a little room to spare, and this I stuffed full of barley straw.

“These two jars,” I thought, “will hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal when the corn is bruised.” 10

Though I had been so unfortunate with the large jars, yet I made several smaller things with better success, — such as little flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to, — and these the heat of the sun baked as hard as I could wish. 15

Still, none of these answered my purpose, which was to get an earthen vessel that would hold liquids, and bear the heat of a fire. Now, it happened one day that I made a hotter fire than usual for cooking my meat; and when I went to put it out, after I had done 20 with it, I found in the ashes a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels, burnt as hard as a stone and as red as a tile.

I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly these vessels might be made to burn 25 whole if they would burn broken. And this set me to studying how I could arrange my fire so as to accomplish this.

I had no notion of a kiln, such as potters use, nor of glazing the pots with lead, although I had some lead; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three jars in a pile, one upon another, and heaped my firewood
s all around them, with a great heap of embers underneath.

The fire I piled with fresh fuel round the outside and on the top, till I saw the jars inside were red-hot through and through, and I observed that they did
10 not crack at all. When I saw that they were clear red I let them stand in that heat for five or six hours.

At last I found that one of the jars, though it did not crack, had begun to melt or run. The sand which was mixed with the clay had melted by the violence
15 of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on.

So I slacked my fire gradually till the earthenware began to lose its red color; and watching all night, — lest the fire should die out too fast, — I had in the
20 morning three very good pipkins, and two jars, as hard burnt as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the melted sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I lacked no sort of earthenware for my use. But as to shapes,
25 these vessels were, as you may suppose, not very handsome; for I had no way of modeling them, except as children make mud pies, or as a woman that had never learned to raise dough would make crust.

No joy at a thing of so trivial a nature was ever equal to mine, when I found I had made an earthen vessel that would bear the fire. I had hardly patience to wait till the pipkins were cold, before I set one on the fire again, with water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well.

1. Play that two of you are on a desert island together. One of you tells the other how to make a jar of clay.

2. Name other articles you would need. Can you tell how any one of them is made?

3. How many have read other parts of *Robinson Crusoe*? Tell briefly another story from it.

4. Explain these words: kiln (kĭl); pĭp'kins; lĭq'uids; wĭck'er; ěm'bers. Find their meaning in the dictionary.





THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The poet Longfellow lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts. On his walks he often passed a blacksmith shop, over which towered a chestnut tree. It was that shop that suggested this fine poem of honest, hard work and simple living.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

THE BUSY WORLD

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

5

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

10

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

15

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

20

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
s Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
10 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

1. What other poems in this book did Longfellow write? Elect committees in your class to report on each of the following topics: (a) Longfellow's boyhood; (b) his education; (c) what he did for a living; (d) his writings. Your teacher will tell you where to look for Longfellow's biography.

2. Tell in your own words the story of the smithy: (a) where it stood; (b) who liked to linger at the door; (c) what the blacksmith made on his anvil; (d) how the smith spent his Sundays.

3. You will be interested to know that on Mr. Longfellow's seventy-second birthday the children of Cambridge gave him a handsome armchair made out of the wood of the old chestnut tree.

4. Imagine you are one of the children looking in at the open door. Describe the blacksmith and his shop as you see them. If you can, use these words in your description: muscles; sinewy; sweat; sledge; sexton; bellows; forge.

5. Select from the last two stanzas two lines that you like, and explain them to us so that we shall like them too.



YOUR NEWSPAPER TALKS

I AM your morning newspaper. My name is the *News*; but it might be the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *World*, the *Express*, or the *Leader*. I was tossed on your front porch early this morning by a bright-faced boy. And you carried me in to the breakfast table, so your father could read to you what has happened in the last twenty-four hours.

I told you what had occurred in your own city. I brought you an account of the doings of kings and queens in distant countries; of wars on the other side of the globe; and of ships far out at sea. My pages showed you the baseball score of your favorite team, and the kind of weather you may expect to-morrow when your school goes picnicking. Your mother found in me big advertisements. She will know where to go shopping to-day.

How was I able to bring all this information to you and your family? Sometimes I wonder myself. But like all big things I am really very simple to understand.

In the first place I was a tree — a tall fir tree in a northern forest. Thousands of my fellows stood straight in the great wood to which I belonged. Lumberjacks came with saws and cut us into logs. We were floated downstream in great rafts, hundreds of us fastened together. At a big mill we were cut into blocks, soaked in a fluid, and then shredded into bits by heavy machinery. We were now pulp.

To this pulp a kind of earth was added. Then we were run between huge rollers, and such a squeezing as we had! When we finally came out on drying screens we were as flat as a pancake but ever so many times smoother and thinner. I was now a part of a great sheet of paper.

Over and over I suddenly turned, dozens of times, until the entire sheet was made into one roll, weighing hundreds of pounds. Newsprint, we were called. But I was still far from being a newspaper. I was only a piece of white paper, rolled up.

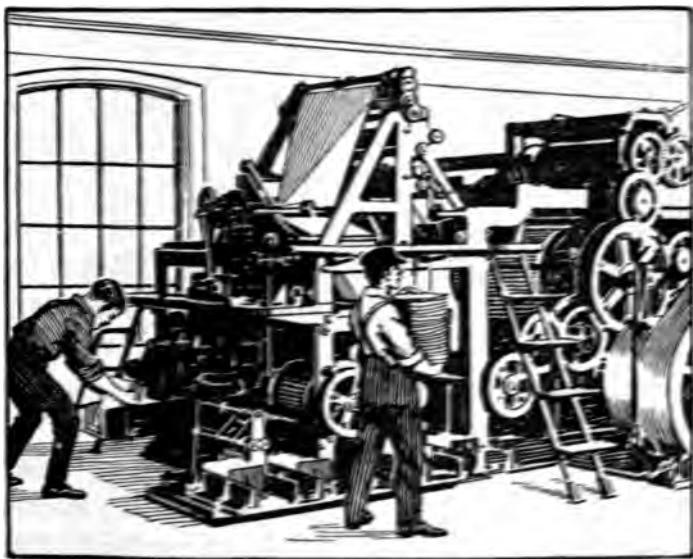
In this roll I traveled a long way by train to your city. I was taken to the upper floor of the tall building where the *News* is printed. Yesterday afternoon my roll was put on an elevator and started to go slowly down to the pressroom. It was on this brief journey that I got a glimpse of how a newspaper is made.

We stopped directly opposite a floor. Here many men were busy at their desks. Typewriters were clicking, and pencils and telephones were busy. These men are reporters and news writers for the paper. They were then busy writing the news I now contain. Each man or group of men has his own job. One takes care of police news; another of social events, such as banquets and weddings; another of sporting news; another receives the news that comes by telegraph, and so on. Over all presides a staff of editors who decide what shall go into each edition of the paper. I caught only a glimpse of all the activity on this floor; but if you ever want to see a busy place, I suggest you visit a daily newspaper office just before the paper goes to press.

15

On the next floor below were many desklike machines. Each had a man seated in front of it, clicking away on its keys. At every click a piece of hot metal was made into a letter, and the letter was shifted to a line of type. Down to these men came a steady stream of "copy" from the editors' desks. It was this copy that the operators were putting in type. Later the type was cast into a solid lead mold for printing.

At last I came to the first floor where the big printing presses were idly waiting. Pulleys and ropes and chains lifted my roll into one of the presses. Other rolls were brought to the many other presses in that room.



Workmen began fastening the curved sheets of type on the printing rolls. I guessed that I would soon be squeezed again. Other workmen were filling ink feeders. The later it became, the harder the men worked. Then they waited for the last sheet of metal to come. That contained the latest news carried by telegraph or telephone or brought by speedy reporters. The press was ready.

A man touched a button and my press started.
10 Over and over I went. Suddenly I glided between big rubbery rolls. I came out very much changed. One side of me was printed. But I did not stop. On I went, up and over and down. Back again I shot

through the press between other rolls; and I came out this time with my other side printed.

On I went, first one side up, then the other. I was in the folding machine. Snip! and I was cut from the rest of the sheet. Now this way, now that, and suddenly I dropped out into a receiving box — a real newspaper. Here I was, all printed and folded in less time than it takes you to read twenty lines of my story.

An automobile truck carried hundreds of us over to a news stand, long before daybreak; and the bright-faced boy did the rest.

I am only a newspaper. To-night I shall be thrown into a pile of other papers in the basement. To-morrow I may be sold to a junkman. But I am having one big day of life. Without me you would not know to-day what other people did yesterday. As you are reading me you come to think as I think. In this way I both serve you and rule you. My one day of life is well spent.

1. What newspapers are read in your family? How many newspapers published in your city, town, or county can you name?

2. Bring a newspaper to class. Find the pages in it that give the news. Where are the editorials in it? What is advertised in it? Can you find in it a page that gives the prices of things bought and sold — corn, eggs, wheat, cotton, cattle, stocks?

3. If possible, arrange to visit a newspaper office to see how the work there is done.

4. How is newsprint (paper) made? Why should we keep our forests growing?

5. Name some of the ways in which newspapers help us.



THE FLAX

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE flax was in full bloom ; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone, and the showers watered it ; and this was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother.

"People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am ; it makes me so happy, it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me."

"Ah, yes, no doubt," said the fern, "but you do not know the world yet as well as I do." Then it sang,

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre :
The song is ended."

15

"No, it is not ended," said the flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain descend. I feel that I am growing. I feel that I am in full blossom. I am the happiest of all creatures."

Well, one day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots; this was painful; then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it; and, after that, placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted; all this was very shocking.

"We cannot be happy always," said the flax; "by experiencing evil as well as good, we become wise." And certainly there was plenty of evil in store for the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it. At last it was put on the spinning wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts. "Well, I have been very happy," he thought in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past"; and contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece.

"Well, this is quite wonderful; I could not have believed that I should be so favored by fortune. The fern really was not wrong with its song of

'Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lurre.'

But the song is not ended yet, I am sure; it is only just beginning. How wonderful it is, that after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in the world — so strong and fine; and how white, and what a length! This is something different to being a mere plant and bearing flowers. Then, I had no attention, not any water unless it rained; now, I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have
10 a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time, the linen was taken into the house,
15 placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into twelve garments.

"See, now, then," said the flax; "I have become
20 something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as everyone ought to be; it is the only way to be happy. I am now divided into twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same in the whole dozen.
25 It is most extraordinary good fortune."

Years passed away; and at last the linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together. "It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other; "we would

gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities." And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper.

"Well, this is a glorious surprise," said the paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me. This is wonderful luck!"

And sure enough the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once was there a blot, which was very fortunate. Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on this paper.

"I never imagined anything like this," said the paper, "when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. Heaven knows that I have done nothing myself, but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation; and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time I think that the song is ended; and then something higher and

better begins for me. I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed, it is more than probable; for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

But the paper did not go on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather, many hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

15 "This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home, and be held in honor, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered
20 about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me, as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honored of all."

1. How is flax made into a book? How are these processes like and how different from those in "Your Newspaper Talks"?

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Here are a few old truths that are as new and true to-day as when Franklin set them down in *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Franklin knew the value of such sayings for they had helped him in his rise from a poor printer boy to a place of fame. They have helped many others since then, and they will serve you if you let them.

EARLY to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Lost time is never found again.

Never leave till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

There are no gains without pains.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away
an hour.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

The discontented man finds no easy-chair.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you'll have
corn to sell and to keep.

Honesty is the best policy.

1. How many of the above sayings can you repeat? What others do you know? What did Franklin do to help the world?

2. Try to tell a little story that will illustrate the meaning of any of these sayings.

PIONEER DAYS

*Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready;
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-
edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!*

—WALT WHITMAN



MOTHER PURNELL

This is a true story of pioneer life in the Middle West.

“**Y**OU should begin to narrow for the heel,” warned Mother Purnell as she handed back the stocking Elizabeth was knitting. “And Jane, will you stir up the fire and turn the meat so it will not burn. Margaret, and Sarah will put up their quilt piecing now, and polish the knives and forks. To-morrow is Sunday, you know, girls, and we are to have company. Maybe we will have venison for dinner if Pap and the boys are lucky to-day.”

10 Mother’s spinning wheel scarcely stopped while she gave these orders. It was Saturday forenoon and there were scrubbing, polishing, and baking for the girls to do before Sunday and company came. Mother had to keep the spinning wheel going all day long. In the
15 woods of this Middle Western frontier, “Pap,” three sons, and four daughters wore out yards of the toughest homespun cloth.

Outside, a chill December wind was sweeping through the trees. A small “skiff” of snow had fallen the night
20 before. It was enough to cover the roof of the big log house, and enough also to catch the footprints of a deer in the woods. That is why Pap and the boys had taken the hounds for an all-day hunt.

“I wish they were home long enough to have some-
25 thing warm to eat,” said Jane as she set the table.

"Yes, so do I," said Mother. "But they are dressed warm, and I made them up five sandwiches apiece — three of fresh ham and two of apple butter. I guess they'll not starve."

"What's that?" asked Sarah, leaping to a window. "I hear the dogs. Yes, they are coming full tilt."

The other girls and Mother were all in the open door by this time. The northwest wind and the dinner were alike forgotten in the excitement of the chase.

"Here comes the deer!" shouted Margaret.

10

"He's headed for the creek!"

And sure enough he plunged into the little stream and waded knee-deep into the icy water. He was a handsome buck, but his drooping head showed how tired he was. He had taken to the water to make a stand against the baying pack close behind him.

He had picked a good spot to defend himself from the dogs. The creek widened out at this place into a natural pool a hundred feet in width and twice as long. At each end was a footlog — squared-up trees to serve as footbridges across the stream. With the lower log beside him and the water around him, he could fight long enough at least to have a breathing spell.

The dogs went at him the moment they burst from the woods. But a flourish of his horns sent the leader flying to the bank of the creek with a cut in his shoulder. The others bayed and splashed about the quarry; but they kept out of his reach.



Mother and the girls watched the fight from the front door. There was the game ready to be captured, and nobody to take him.

"If Pap and the boys were only here now," said Jane. But they were probably several miles away in the dense woods. Meantime the buck had a good chance to beat off the dogs.

"Or if they had only left a rifle," sighed Margaret.

"I can shoot."

10 "Suppose I run over to Smith's and borrow a gun. It's only a mile away," proposed Sarah.

Mother had said nothing, but she had no intention of letting a deer get out of her front yard.

"Bring me the ax from the woodpile, Sarah, and
15 you, Jane, cross the creek at the upper log and stand on the other side of the pool. I want you to attract the deer's attention."

"But you, Mother?" inquired Jane.

"Never mind me. You hurry along. We must

not let that deer get away from the four of us. Get a horse halter from the stables, Margaret. Be quick."

Away went Jane, and away ran Margaret. Back came Sarah with the ax. 5

"You and Margaret stay here tili I call you," said Mother; and straightway she strode toward the lower footlog with the heavy ax in her hands.

Jane had crossed the stream by this time at the upper log. The buck threw up his head and snorted ¹⁰ when he saw her and the dogs charged him afresh when they saw help at hand.

Mother was already at the footlog, and tiptoeing her way across. The buck did not see her. He was busy with the dogs, and his head was turned toward ¹⁵ the side where Jane was standing. Alongside him Mother stepped quietly. She lifted the ax; and down it came with a mighty blow. He plunged forward and dropped into the water, with his neck broken.

A shout of triumph came from Margaret and Sarah ²⁰ as they rushed up with the halter. It was the work of a few minutes to loop the straps about the buck's antlers and drag him ashore. The hardest task was to beat off the dogs.

Four happy women then shouldered their big prize ²⁵ and marched proudly back to the house. Two hours later, Pap and three boys were being teased by the "women folks" about the deer Mother killed. And

next day there was a venison roast at the Purnells', and the whole neighborhood was there.

To this day the story is repeated in that section of the country. In the old family Bible of the Purnells, on the page opposite the births and deaths, is this queer entry in Pap's handwriting :

*December 6, 18— Mother killed a
deer yesterday with an ax. Big
feast to-day.*

1. Where is the Middle West? Name a state in it.
2. Describe the pioneer family where this incident occurred. How many were there in the family?
3. What were the women and girls doing? Why?
4. What is meant by homespun cloth? What is a creek? A foot-log? A spinning wheel? Venison?
5. Name five words you know that would have been strange to Margaret and Sarah. (Such as *automobile*.)
6. What games do you suppose the children in this family played?
7. This story is easy to act. How many persons would you need in it? With the help of your teacher and some of your classmates, try acting it without any conversation.



THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK

BY CHARLES SWAIN

OH, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest ;
The hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.

“Tick, tick,” it said — “*quick*, QUICK, to bed ; 5
For ten I’ve given warning ;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You’ll never rise soon in the morning.”

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly ; 10
When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.

“Tick, tick,” it said — “quick, out of bed ;
For five I’ve given warning ;
You’ll never have health, you’ll never get wealth, 15
Unless you’re up soon in the morning.”



HOW THE PILGRIMS LIVED

LET us enter one of the early Massachusetts homes and see how the people of the seventeenth century lived.

The chief room in the house is the kitchen, or living room. This room is blessed with a glorious fireplace, lofty, wide, and deep. Enormous logs can burn in this cavern of a fireplace. That iron arm, fastened to one side of the fireplace and crossing almost to the other side, is the crane. From the crane dangle many hooks, upon which are hung various kettles and pots when a meal is being prepared. Notice the andirons on the wide stone hearth. Some families have two pairs, and even three. What is this tin object close by? It is a bake oven, used in baking biscuits. In the wall of the fireplace is the brick oven. Here are baked such delicious things! Baked beans, brown bread, chicken, cakes, and golden pumpkin pies!

The furniture is made of wood. There were no chairs at first. Benches and stools were used instead. Plates were made of square blocks of wood, hollowed out with knives. These wooden plates were called trenchers. Drinking cups and spoons were also made of wood. Knives were common at table, but forks were rare. Two people usually ate from one trencher. They might be two children, or a man and his wife. One drinking cup often served a whole company. These cups were sometimes made of leather. This led the French to say of the English that they drank ale out of their boots. The one dainty touch about the tables was the linen. Holland linen was not expensive, and the Pilgrim mothers had brought good supplies across the seas. They were excellent laundresses, so the gloss on the linen was always perfect.

An important article in the living room was the spinning wheel. Sometimes there were several wheels in a household. Hours and hours were spent by the women at their wheels. All the wool and linen with which to clothe their large families had to be spun, woven, dyed, cut, and sewed by them. There was no buying of ready-made clothing, or even of cloth by the yard in those early days.

Let us suppose it is a winter evening when we visit this early Massachusetts home. We find the family gathered as close to the fire as possible. Drafts of cold air enter through the chinks between the logs. Often-

times faces burn while backs are freezing. Stools, benches, and spinning wheels hug the hearth. The boys are whittling teeth for rakes or reels for yarn. The father is reading a book of sermons. The mother is knitting; the daughter, spinning. The room is lighted by burning pine knots. These are called candlewood.

The light flickers uncertainly, sometimes showing wide stretches of the sanded floor and causing the strings of dried apples and herbs, dangling from the ceiling, to cast strange shadows. The crackle of the fire, the cheep of the knife, the whir of the wheel, give a sweet sense of home cheer, even in the wilderness. No one is anxious to break up the pleasant circle.

Cold as is the living room, the bedrooms are freezing. On these nights the warming pan is in demand. This is a sort of brass saucepan with a cover and a very long handle. Live coals are placed in the pan and the cover is shut down. Then the warming pan is passed between the linen sheets to take off the chill. The bedsteads are four-posters with testers and curtains. Still, nothing can keep out the cold. Ice must actually be broken in the water pails in the morning.

The Pilgrim dress was simple and sensible. The men wore long coats and breeches reaching to the knee, woolen stockings, and heavy shoes. In the early days ruffs were worn but these gave way to the rolling, or falling collar, tied with a white string and tassels. Hats were large, with broad brims.

The gowns of the women were usually of wool, and sensibly short. The bodice was often slashed at the sleeves or shoulders to show the pretty white or colored underwaist. On gala occasions, a white handkerchief was folded over the neck and shoulders and deep lace-edged cuffs were worn. A dainty white cap gave the final touch of grace. Out of doors the women wore a close velvet bonnet tied under the chin. Children were very quaintly dressed. They were like tiny copies of their parents. Very small boys, however, looked much like girls. They wore shirts that reached to their ankles, and round, wide-brimmed hats that tied under their chins with ribbons.

1. Who were the Pilgrims? When and why did they come to America? Where did they make their first settlement?

2. As you read try to picture to yourself their houses; their furniture; their methods of living; their dress.

3. Test your pictures in this way. Imagine the Pilgrim father in front of you. Describe his clothes as you see them — hat, coat, trousers, shoes. Do not memorize the facts. Try similarly with the other topics in question 2.

4. These words may trouble you:

crāne — An iron arm at the back of a fireplace, used for supporting kettles over the fire.

ānd'ī-rons — Metallic stands used to support wood in a fireplace.

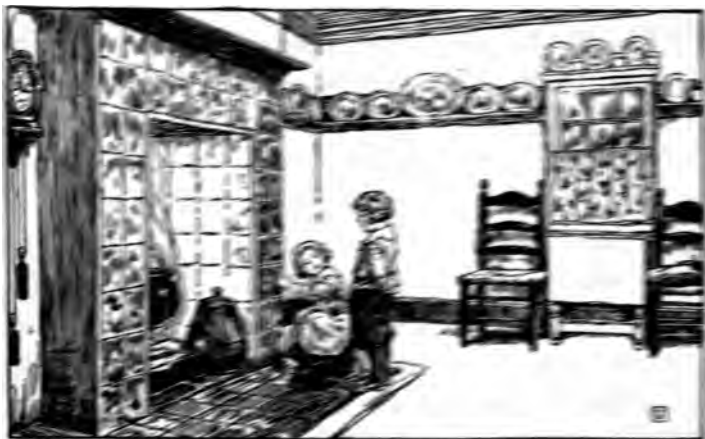
cheēp — To chirp or creak.

rūff — A band or frill worn around the neck.

bōd'īce — An outer garment covering the waist.

slāshed — Ornamented by cutting the cloth in slits.

gālā — Banquet; show; holiday.



IN OLD NEW YORK

By FANNY E. COE

WHAT did old New Amsterdam look like in the spring of 1664?

The town of fifteen hundred inhabitants occupied the southern end of Manhattan. At the extreme south was the fort, no longer of wood, but of stone. It mounted twenty guns.

From Fort Amsterdam, the town stretched northward to the wall. Its eastern and western boundaries were the two rivers, — East River and Hudson River. Many houses were built along the river fronts, as the worthy Dutchmen loved to sit on their porches, or stoops, and smoke their pipes of a late afternoon.

The low houses of stone or brick were set comfortably

apart, with pleasant flower plots or vegetable gardens about each. Most of the houses were placed with their gable ends toward the street. These gables were built of small yellow and black bricks imported from Holland. Each roof was topped by one or two generous chimneys, and a weathercock.

The doors were divided midway into an upper and a lower door, each with its own hinge and lock. Small bull's-eye panes of glass sometimes appeared in the upper door. Those within could thus cautiously survey the visitor before opening to him. The brass or iron knocker was often of fine design. Old Dutch custom gave to every New Amsterdam house its front porch, or stoop. Here the people liked to sit during mild evenings. Perhaps their view commanded an outlook over the harbor, or perhaps a peep at a windmill lazily turning its great sails in the evening light. Canals crossed by little bridges were other pleasant reminders of the fatherland.

Within doors everything showed exquisite care, for Dutch women are famous housekeepers. The wooden floors were covered with sand, in which a pattern was traced. On one side of the living room was the huge fireplace. This was, in many cases, bordered with tiles on which were pictures of Bible stories in bright colors. Sitting in the chimney corner, chubby Hans and flaxen-haired Gretel might trace Old Testament history from the garden of Eden to the prophet Jonah.

The flames might burn brightly, but the pink Joseph and his blue brēthren held a greater charm.

Over the mantel hung racks of various kinds. Platters of wood and pewter were ranged in long rows
5 in the plate racks. The pipe rack was filled with quaint, long-stemmed pipes. Cupboards full of china and glass, carved chests, and the steady old Dutch clock with its curious moon face, added charm to the room. Such a home was only a few miles from New
10 England, yet how marked was the difference!

The dress of the women of New Amsterdam differed much from the Puritan costume. The Puritans chose sad-colored hues, but the Dutch clothing was almost as gay as their own tulips. A housemother wore a loose
15 sack and many short petticoats of linsey-woolsey. On her head was a little cap of quilted calico. Her feet were clothed in blue worsted stockings with fine red clocks, and high-heeled leather shoes with shining silver buckles. About her waist was a girdle from
20 which fell red ribbons or chains of brass or silver. At the ends of the chains were scissors, a pincushion, and the household keys.

The men wore cloth breeches and coats with silver buttons, silver-buckled shoes, and broad-brimmed hats.
25 The hats were often of beaver and were worth several pounds apiece. The wealthy carried ivory-headed canes on state occasions, and a true Dutchman, whether rich or poor, was rarely separated from his long-

stemmed pipe. He filled it with native tobacco after his hearty breakfast, and, smoking slowly and solemnly, went down the street to his daily work.

What was his occupation? If he was middle-aged and prosperous, he traded in furs and lumber; if he was young and strong, he threshed grain in the barn, ground corn at the windmill, or felled trees on the hills; if he was old and feeble, he fished in the river from morning till sundown.

1. Would you prefer to have lived in old New York or in a Pilgrim home? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Read the description of a Dutch home (244-245). Then look at the picture on page 243. Is the picture true to the text?
3. From what country are the Dutch? What is Manhattan?





IN OLD LOUISIANA

BY JAMES W. NICHOLSON

The author of this story was the boy Nick, and all the adventures and incidents narrated are strictly true. The pictures which he gives of life and manners in the South before the Civil War are intensely interesting.

EARLY in the year 1853 Nick's father moved to a place some fifteen miles west of his former plantation. His main object was to get into a neighborhood which gave promise of a good school for his boys. Nick, now in his ninth year, went in the ox wagon with Aunt Kitty, the black cook. The wagon was driven by a trusty old slave whom everybody called Uncle Nathan. The rest of the family, including a number of negro servants, went on ahead.

The oxen moved very slowly along the woodland road, which was little more than a winding path among

the trees. Now and then Aunt Kitty gave Nick a gingercake smeared with jam. Sometimes they stopped at a spring to get a drink of cold water. Often the boy would get out of the wagon and run on ahead with his pet dog, whom he called Step. 5

Now and then a rabbit would spring out of its hiding place and be chased by Step far into the woods. At one time the dog set up a furious barking in the bushes near the road, and all hands went to see what it was about. Step had found an enemy and looked as if he 10 was about to charge upon it; but he was very careful to keep at a safe distance from the object of his wrath. It was a monster rattlesnake, as large around as a man's arm, wound into a great coil and making a hideous noise with its rattles as if warning everybody 15 to keep away. Uncle Nathan killed it with a stick. There were eighteen rattles on the end of its tail, which showed, according to the settlers' rule, that it was eighteen years old.

Here and there new settlements were to be seen. 20 People were then moving into Louisiana at a great rate. They came mostly from Alabama and Georgia, but there were many from other Southern states, and a few from the North. These new settlers were active, pushing people, as settlers usually are. 25

The long stillness of the woods was being broken by the hum of industry. The merry song of the hammer and the sweet rasp of the saw mingled merrily with

the cheering crow of the rooster and the stirring "gee" and "haw" of the plowman. The smoke from burning logs and brush hovered over the "new grounds," and the air was redolent with the odor of freshly burned
5 woods. The ax, the maul, the hoe, and the plow were invading the dominion of bears and panthers, wolves and catamounts. Indeed, these wild animals were rapidly disappearing, and only a few straggling ones were left behind.

10 Early in the afternoon, Nathan, looking up at the sky, remarked, "Well, I do b'lieve we gwine to have a storm." And sure enough, in a little while dark clouds began to obscure the sky; then came sharp flashes of lightning and distant peals of thunder. Even the
15 oxen seemed to know that a storm was coming, for they quickened their gait, as if wishing to get out of the tall timber as soon as they could.

The storm was just bursting upon them as they reached the clearing of a new settler in the woods. The
20 settler had seen the wagon coming, and running to meet it, he told Nathan to drive the oxen into an open place just ahead, grasped Nick with one hand and Aunt Kitty with the other, and ran with them to a stout log cabin that was occupied by his family. His
25 larger log residence was not then finished.

Everybody was soon huddled in the cabin. As the storm grew in uproar and vehemence, all became more frightened. In their eagerness to get into the safest

place possible, the men made an opening in the floor by removing two puncheons, and through this opening all hands, white and black, went under the house. The storm raged and roared. It was hard to tell which was the louder, the howl of the winds or the thunder. ⁵ After a while the storm passed away, leaving behind it a wide area of blown-down trees.

It was after dark when they finally reached their new home. Nick's father, with most of the slaves, had been there before and built several of the necessary ¹⁰ houses. They were not finished except as to walls, roofs, and floors. The residence was an eight-room house, having brick chimneys and glass windows, a wide hall, and a wide gallery in front. The other buildings and appurtenances — kitchen, dairy, pantries, ¹⁵ smokehouse, negro quarters, shops, ginhouse, cotton press, garden, barns, horse lot, stalls, cow pen, and fields — were located according to a systematic plan. The negro quarters consisted of two long rows of comfortable cabins separated by a "street" two hun- ²⁰ dred and fifty feet wide. The "big house" was at one end of this street, and the shops at the other.

1. How did Nick's family move? Who was with him? How many years ago did these events happen? In what part of our country?

2. What happened in the storm?

3. Words: pūnch'eons — Flattened logs used here for floors; gāl'lery — Porch; "new'ground" — Newly cleared fields.



OLD-FASHIONED TELEGRAPHS

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

THE MUSKET TELEGRAPH

THERE are many people living who can remember when there were no telegraphs such as we have now. The telephone is still younger. Railroads are not much older than telegraphs. Horses and stage-coaches were slow. How did people send messages quickly when there were no telegraph wires?

When colonies in America were first settled by white people, there were wars with the Indians. The Indians would creep into a neighborhood and kill all the people they could, and then they would get away before the soldiers could overtake them. But the white people made a plan to catch them.

Whenever the Indians attacked a settlement, the settler who saw them first took his gun and fired it three times. Bang, bang, bang! went the gun. The settlers who lived near the man who fired the gun heard the sounds. They knew that three shots following one another quickly, meant that the Indians had come.

Every settler who heard the three shots took his gun and fired three times. It was bang, bang, bang! again. Then, as soon as he had fired, he went in the direction of the first shots. Every man who had heard three shots, fired three more, and went toward the shots he had heard.

Farther and farther away the settlers heard the news, and sent it along by firing so that others might hear. Soon little companies of men were coming swiftly in every direction. The Indians were sure to be beaten off or killed.

This was a kind of telegraph. But there were no wires; there was no electricity; only one flintlock musket waking up another flintlock musket, till a hundred guns had been fired, and a hundred men were marching to the battle.

TELEGRAPHING BY FIRE

The firing of signal guns was telegraphing by sound. It used only the hearing. But there were other ways of telegraphing that used the sight. These have been known for thousands of years. They were known
 5 even to savage people.

The Indians on the plains use fires to telegraph to one another. Sometimes they build one fire, sometimes they build many. When a war party, coming back from battle, builds five fires on a hill, the Indians who see
 10 it know that the party has killed five enemies.

But the Indians have also what are known as smoke signals. An Indian who wishes to send a message to a party of his friends a long way off, builds a fire. When it blazes, he throws an armful of green grass
 15 on it. This causes the fire to send up a stream of white smoke hundreds of feet high, which can be seen fifty miles away in clear weather. Among the Apaches, one column of smoke is to call attention; two columns say, "All is well, and we are going to remain in this
 20 camp"; three columns or more are a sign of danger, and ask for help.

Sometimes longer messages are sent. After building a fire and putting green grass upon it, the Indian spreads his blanket over it. He holds down the edges to shut
 25 the smoke in. After a few moments he takes his blanket off; and when he does this, a great puff of

smoke, like a balloon, shoots up into the air. This the Indian does over and over. One puff of smoke chases another upward. By the number of these puffs, and the length of the spaces between them, he makes his meaning understood by his friends many miles away.

At night the Indians smear their arrows with something that will burn easily. One of them draws his bow. Just as he is about to let his arrow fly, another one touches it with fire. The arrow blazes as it shoots through the air, like a fiery dragon fly. One burning arrow follows another; and those who see them read these telegraph signals, and know what is meant.

A BOY'S TELEGRAPH

The best telegraph known before the use of electricity, was invented by two schoolboys in France. They were brothers named Chappé (shappay). They were in different boarding schools some miles apart, and the rules of their schools did not allow them to write letters to each other. But the two schools were in sight of each other. The brothers invented a telegraph. They put up poles with bars of wood on them. These bars would turn on pegs or pins. The bars were turned up or down, or one up and another down, or two down and one up, and so on. Every movement of the bars meant a letter. In this way the two brothers talked to each other though they

were miles apart. When the boys became men, they sold their plan to the French government. The money they got made their fortune.

About the time they were selling this plan to the French government, a boy named Samuel Morse was born in this country. Fifty years later this Samuel Morse set up the first Morse electric telegraph, which is the one we now use.

In the old days before telegraph wires were strung all over the country, it took weeks to carry news to places far away. There were no railroads, and the mails had to travel slowly. A boy on a horse trotted along the road to carry the mail bags to country places. From one large city to another, the mails were carried by stagecoaches.

When the people had voted for President, it was weeks before the news of the election could be gathered in. Then it took other weeks to let the people in distant villages know the name of the new President. Nowadays a great event is known in almost every part of the country on the very day it happens.

— *Stories of American Life and Adventure.*

1. How many different telegraphs are described? Name them.
2. What do you know about our present telegraph? How is it different from the telephone?
3. What is meant by "wireless telegraphy"? How does it work?

BLACK HAWK'S FAREWELL

Black Hawk was an Indian chief of the Sacs Nation in Wisconsin. He gave much trouble to the white settlers. This is a part of his message when he was captured.

YOU have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and, whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me.

I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. 15

Farewell my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

1. There is something very striking about the simple Indian speech. How does it differ from your way of talking?

2. Do you admire Black Hawk? Why?

A LITTLE NONSENSE

*Your day's battles are half won if you learn
to laugh — and laugh at the proper time. We
owe much to the writers of English who can put
a smile on our faces.*



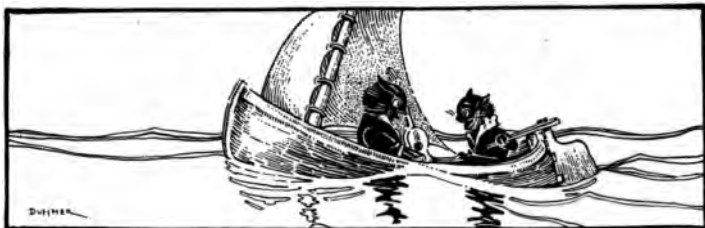
THE CIRCUS CLOWN

O THE funny man's in town! —

He's the comic circus clown,
With his little dog, "Uno-a-Thing-or-Two":
With a feather on his nose,
And a spring in all his toes,
He does the very things I want to do.

I'd like to own his clothes,
His India-rubber nose,
And his little pup, "Uno-a-Thing-or-Two";
I could get the chicken feather —
Then I'd call a crowd together,
And the stunts "Uno-a-Thing" and I would do!





THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT

BY EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

5

10

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT 261

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose, —

5 His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
10 By the turkey who lived on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, —
15 The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.





A TRAGIC STORY

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found, —
I'll turn me round," — he turned him round ;
But still it hung behind him.

A LIMERICK

263

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain — it mattered not a pin, —
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

1. What is a sage? To what country did this sage belong?
Prove your answer.

2. What is the amusing part of the story? Why can we say it is
“just nonsense”?

A LIMERICK

BY EDWARD LEAR

THERE was an Old Man who said, “Hush !
I perceive a young bird in this bush !”
When they said, “Is it small ?”
He replied, “Not at all !
It is four times as big as the bush !”

1. Find another good limerick. Write one of your own.

ADVENTURES IN LILLIPUT

BY JONATHAN SWIFT

This is a small section of the book called *Gulliver's Travels*. Gulliver visited many places; but none more interesting or more nonsensical than Lilliput, the land of the little people.

THE people of Lilliput were very small. The tallest men were not more than six inches in height. The commonest height was about five and a half inches, while the women were somewhat smaller.

The animals and plants on the island were of like size. The tallest horses and oxen were between four and five inches in height. The sheep were an inch and a half, more or less. Their geese were not as big as our sparrows. Their larks were smaller than our house flies. Their tallest trees were about seven feet high. Those that grew in the King's park were but little higher than my head when I walked about among them.

The city was well laid out, with streets running straight across from one side to the other. The two main streets which met at the King's palace were four feet wide. When I walked through the city I was always obliged to give two hours' notice. Then the people went into their houses and stayed there until I had passed. As I did not like to cause so much trouble, I made only two such walks during my whole stay in Lilliput. My greatest fear was that I might

step on some of the children who were always playing in the streets.

The houses were pretty little buildings about two feet high, and commonly of two or three stories. Some of them were of wood, but in the best parts of the town they were of brick.

I shall say but little of the learning of the people, which was quite general. In fact there were schools everywhere, and no child was allowed to grow up without knowing how to read and write.

Their writing was very strange. It was not from left to right like ours. It was not from right to left like that of the Arabs. It was not from bottom to top like that of the Chinese. It was a slant from one corner to another, like that of some schoolboys I have known.

And now I will tell you something of my own manner of life during the nine months and thirteen days that I was in the island.

Two hundred sewing girls were kept busy making me shirts, sheets, and tablecloths. These they made of the very coarsest cloth they could get, but even this was so fine that it had to be doubled many times.

Three hundred tailors were busy all the time, making my clothes. When they wished to take my measure, they raised a ladder from the ground to my waist. Then one of them climbed the ladder and let a plumb line drop from my collar to the floor. This was the

length of my coat. My waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished they looked like patchwork that ladies in our country sometimes make; but they were all of the same color.

I had three hundred cooks to get my meals. They, lived in little huts around my house, and each brought me two dishes of food, morning, noon, and night. I had a hundred and twenty waiters. I took up twenty of these in my hand and set them on my table. The rest stayed on the ground, and brought the food in, barrels and boxes and hampers. All of these things the waiters on the table drew up by means of ropes, just as people sometimes draw up water from a well. A dish of their meat made a fair mouthful for me. I once had a sirloin steak so large that I took three, bites at it; but that must have been taken from a very large beef. I could eat a goose or a turkey at one mouthful; and of their young chickens I could take up a dozen on the end of my knife.

1. What is there "funny" in this selection? Do you enjoy it as much as some of the other pieces?



THE GARDENER'S SONG

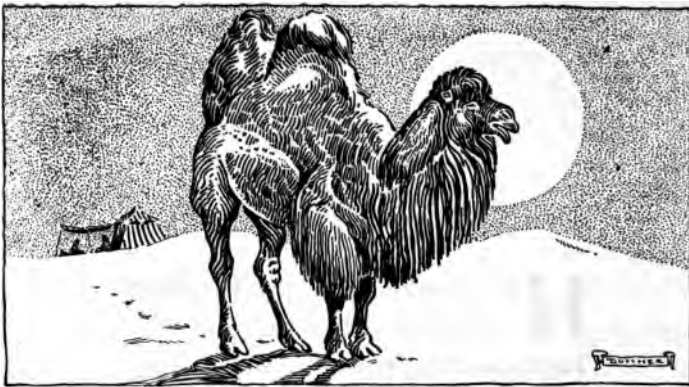
BY LEWIS CARROLL

The author of these verses wrote one book that you should know about. It is *Alice in Wonderland*. Read it when you can.

HE thought he saw an Elephant,
That practiced on a fife :
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
5 "At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life !"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek :
He looked again, and found it was
10 The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak !"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus :
15 He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us !"



THE PLAINT OF THE CAMEL

BY CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL

“CANARY birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch ;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.

But there's never a question
About MY digestion —
ANYTHING does for me !

5

“Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails ;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.

But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes —
ANY PLACE does for me !

10

“Lambs are inclosed where it’s never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens ;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
5 But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it’s sandy —
ANYWHERE does for me !

“People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox,
10 It’s nobody’s habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he’s
Ridden by families —
ANY LOAD does for me !

15 “A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek ;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.
But a Camel’s all lumpy
20 And bumpy and humpy —
ANY SHAPE does for me !”



THE FASTIDIOUS SERPENT

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE

THERE was a snake that dwelt in Skye
Over the misty sea, oh ;
He lived upon nothing but gooseberry pie
For breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.
Now gooseberry pie — as is very well known — 5
Over the misty sea, oh,
Is not to be found under every stone,
Nor yet upon every tree, oh.

And being so ill to please with his meat,
Over the misty sea, oh, 10
The snake had sometimes nothing to eat,
And an angry snake was he, oh.
Then he'd flick his tongue and his head he'd shake,
Over the misty sea, oh,
Crying, "Gooseberry pie! For goodness' sake 15
Some gooseberry pie for me, oh!"

And if gooseberry pie was not to be had,
Over the misty sea, oh,
He'd twine and twist like an eel gone mad,
Or a worm just stung by a bee, oh, 20
But though he might shout and wriggle about,
Over the misty sea, oh,
The snake had often to go without
His breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.

OUR FRIENDS THE BIRDS

Birds are our best friends. They cheer us with their singing. They bring us the first news of the coming of spring. They destroy the insects that eat our vegetables and kill our trees. We will always protect them, and see that they have proper nesting places in our bird houses.





THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS

AMONG the many strange stories which the Indians relate to their children is one which tells how the birds came on earth.

They say that long, long ago, when the world was new, the Great Spirit walked about making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground, beautiful trees and flowers sprang into being.

All through the first summer the trees bore leaves of many different shades of green. When autumn came, and the winds grew colder, and the frosts came, the green in the leaves changed to bright red, and yellow, and soft brown, just as it does to this day. When the breezes played among them, they sang soft little songs to each other, as they fluttered down to the ground:

The Great Spirit did not wish them to lie there and die; he wished them to live and be beautiful always, so he changed each one into a bird, and breathed into it the breath of life.

The red-brown leaves of the oak were changed into Robins, the yellow leaves of the willow into Gold-

finches and Yellowbirds, and the bright-red leaves of the maples into Cardinals and Tanagers. All the dull-brown leaves were changed into Sparrows, and Wrens, and other dull-brown birds.

For this reason the birds have always loved to make, their homes among the branches of the mother trees, which furnish them both food and shelter.

Make a list of the birds you know. Which do you like best? Why? What birds have you seen to-day?

THE SECRET

BY JEAN INGELOW

WE have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the — I shan't tell the rest;
And I laid the four little — somethings in it —
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will out.



THE FIRST ROBIN

BY HENRY SCHOOLCRAFT

ONCE in the long-ago time an Indian warrior wished the Great Spirit to protect his young son. In order to gain this protection the youth had to fast for twelve long days and nights. If he could endure this long fast, he would ever after be called a brave among his tribe and be honored by them. If he failed, his people would look down upon him and refuse to allow him to go forth with them to war.

When his time of trial came, the son did not wish to follow his father to the lodge in the deep forest which was to be the scene of his fasting. Though he was brave, he was gentle, and did not wish to be as other warriors who went forth to kill. He longed only to make people happy.

But the father told him to go and he dared not refuse. During the long walk he was sad at heart, though the father tried to cheer him by telling him how the people would honor him when he appeared at the great feast, which would be served when he had proved himself strong to endure.

When they arrived at the lodge, the father spread for him the mat which his mother had so fondly woven. Then the youth laid himself face downward on it. A moment after, he heard his father's departing footsteps growing fainter and fainter as he went toward home.

All through the long day and the long night he lay there alone. When morning came, bringing light and gladness to others, it brought no joy to the sad youth in the forest.

Soon the father appeared and asked if any dreams had come to him, and the youth replied: "Oh, my father, such dreams as you wish will never come to me. Let me give up my fasting and return with you to our wigwam." But the father, full of Indian pride, refused, though he tried to cheer his son by telling him of the days of his own fasting which had ended so gloriously.

Each day the warrior came, and always tried to cheer his son and help him to be brave, but as the days went by the boy grew weaker and weaker; on the tenth morning he could no longer rise to greet the father as he had done each morning before.

"Oh, my father, take me home," he faintly whispered; "I have had no dreams. I am so weak that death surely will take me before the Great Manitou comes. Give me food that I may break this dreadful fast and live."

But the father only said, "Be brave, my son; only two more days, and then the feast."

On the eleventh day the youth had grown so weak that his voice could no longer be heard. Still the father said, "Be brave."

With the first faint streaks of light came the father on the twelfth morning, but when he entered the lodge, lo, it was empty! He called aloud, but no voice answered — only an echo was heard.

10 "Come, my son," he called, "the great chief awaits you; the feast is spread."

As he stopped again to listen, a bird, such as he had never seen, called to him from a branch near by. The brave raised his bow to shoot.

15 "Do not shoot," sang the bird; "no evil spirit has harmed me, but a good spirit came to me in my weakness and changed me into a beautiful bird. Do not be angry, my father, for though I shall never be a warrior, I shall always be brave, and I shall often come
20 to cheer you and all our people.

"I shall find my food among the hills and valleys, and in taking it I shall help our people."

1. The robin is one of our first birds of spring. With the Indians, winter was a time of starvation. It is natural, therefore, that they should think of the robin as the bird that came out of starvation.

2. How many days did the boy fast? What do you think of the father? Who is the Great Manitou?



ROBERT OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee !”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat ;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
 “Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee !”



Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee !"

o Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note ;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
:s Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee !"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee !"

5

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
 Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee !"

10

15

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
 "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink ;

20

THE EAGLE

281

Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes; the children are grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;

Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee!"

1. What is the common name for Robert of Lincoln? Describe him. How big do you think he is? Where does he build his nest? How many eggs are in the nest?

2. Find and explain these words: crest, brood, nun, braggart, knaves, frolic, nestlings, crone.

THE EAGLE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



BOBWHITE

BY GEORGE COOPER

I SEE you on the zigzag rails,
You cheery little fellow !
While purple leaves are whirling down,
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.
I hear you when the air is full 5
Of snow-down of the thistle ;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
“Bobwhite! Bobwhite!” you whistle.

There, you are gone ! but far away
I hear your whistle falling. 10
Ah ! maybe it is hide and seek,
And that’s why you are calling —

Along those hazy uplands wide
We'd be such merry rangers ;
What ! silent now, and hidden too ?
"Bobwhite " don't let's be strangers.

5 Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
In yonder rainbow thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creaks the cricket.
"Bobwhite ! Bobwhite !" — again I hear
10 That blithely whistled chorus ;
Why should we not companions be ?
One Father watches o'er us !

1. By what other name is this bird called ? What color is he ?
2. Explain the meaning of the last line.

IN THE HONEYSUCKLE

WE were at breakfast. Suddenly we heard the sharp
cries of our catbirds that were nesting in the
honeysuckle. I ran outside, and there was our old cat
looking into the nest. The birds were screaming and
5 flapping their wings in his face. Before he could do
any hurt, the robber was in my hands. I spanked him
soundly, and put some bells on his neck to give the
pair notice of his coming. But he had had enough.
After that our catbirds nested in peace.



THE FLIGHT OF THE THRUSHES

By HENRY C. MCCOOK

I

IN Egypt, not far from the pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness began to warn them that it was time to take their flight to a more, northern country and a less sunny clime.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and joined a flock of friends from the banks of the upper Nile. Then they all spread their wings and fluttered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

"Where shall we go now?" asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

"We must cross the great sea," said his mother.

THE FLIGHT OF THE THRUSHES 285

"What!" cried another, who was called Thinklittle. "How can we do that? We shall drown before we are halfway across."

Then a third, whom everybody called Grumbler, began to complain. "Oh, dear!" he cried. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

Then Songful and Thinklittle and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush's family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. "You have brought us here only to
10 drown us in the sea!"

"Wait a little while," said their mother quietly.

"We must find a ship to carry us across."

"Ah!" sighed Songful, "but I am afraid of ships! They often carry some of those creatures called boys,
15 who shoot arrows and throw stones at little birds."

"True enough!" said Thinklittle. "Ships are dangerous things."

"And you brought us here only to be shot and stoned by bad ship boys!" cried Grumbler.

20 But the patient mother bird said, "Wait a little while! Wait a little while!"

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: "Honk! honk! honk!"

"There are our ships!" cried Mother Thrush.

25 "What do you mean?" piped Thinklittle. And he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. "I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks."



“Ha! ha!” laughed Songful. “Do you expect to see ships coming from the sky? Look toward the sea, brother!” And then he sang his happiest song.

“What great awkward fellows those storks are!” said Grumbler. “There is no more music in them than in an Egyptian water wheel.” And with that he began to whistle a merry tune to show how much better he was than the birds he despised.

But his mother only said, “Wait a little while!”

II

The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another among the reeds, “Honk, creek! Honk, creek!”

“There!” said Mother Thrush. “They’re going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them.”

“How are we going to do that?” cried Grumbler.

“Yes, how?” said Thinklittle. “We are not strong enough to keep up with those storks.”



"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited.

"Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into the air, trailed their legs behind them, and crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks, with her four broodlings close beside her. For a moment or two she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her. For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting place that they kept very still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Think-little. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the little donkeys that trot to and from the pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what Mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across."

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

"Yes," said Grumbler; "she may, if she doesn't, shake us all off and drown us!"

III

They rode on for many and many a mile. Sometimes they were a little frightened as the stork fluttered to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they ventured to peep out between the widespread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother," at last said Thankful.

"Well, my dear."

"Don't you think that the stork must be very tired,¹⁵ and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?"

"Hush!" cried Thinklittle. "If she finds out that we are here, she will toss us off her back."

"Oh, who cares if the stork is tired," said Grumbler.²⁰ "She can feel no worse than we do."

Thankful was silent for a little while. Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke²⁵ forth into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet

and clear above the fluttering of the stork's wings and the whistling of the shrill north wind.

"Ah!" cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song.

"It is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing too. But what if the old stork should hear us!"

"Yes, indeed," said Grumbler. "It is very foolish to let her know that we are here."

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure and was not at all angry. More than once she turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

"Thank you," she said when the song was ended.

"You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me."

Thinklittle was ashamed of himself, and began to warble a pretty tune; and then Grumbler forgot to complain, and joined in the song.

From that time on, all the way across the sea, the carrier stork was made happy by the melody of the grateful thrushes. At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest of the journey home upon their own wings.

When they reached the green fields and broad canals of Holland, they found the good stork and her friends already at home on the tall chimneys of an

old town ; and after friendly greetings they set to work building their own nests.

Now it happened that this story was much talked about in Holland, and so from that day to this the little song birds which cross the sea on the backs of the great storks are said to warble all the way. And the great storks are glad to carry them because of their sweet songs.

1. What are the pyramids? Where are they? Where and what is Egypt? The Nile? The Mediterranean? Holland?

2. Have you ever seen a family of thrushes? What kind of bird is a stork?

3. Do you think that one stork could carry a whole family of thrushes across the sea? Tell how this particular stork did so.

4. Why do some birds go south in the fall, and north in the spring? Name two birds that do this. What birds stay with us all winter?

5. What is the Audubon Society?



PARABLE OF THE WREN

A PRIEST went forth in the early dawn. The sky was clear. The grass and the wild flowers waved in the breeze that rose as the sun threw its first beams over the earth. Birds of all kinds vied with each other, as they sang their joy on that beautiful morning. The priest stood listening. Suddenly, off at one side, he heard a trill that rose higher and clearer than all the rest. He moved toward the place whence the song came, that he might see what manner of bird it was that could send farther than all the others its happy, laughing notes.

As he came near, he beheld a tiny brown bird with open bill, the feathers on its throat rippling with the fervor of its song. It was the wren, the smallest, the least powerful of birds, that seemed to be most glad, and to pour out in ringing melody to the rising sun its delight in life.

As the priest looked, he thought : "Here is a teaching for my people. Everyone can be happy, even the weakest can have his song of thanks."

1. A parable is a story that is told to teach a truth. What truth does this one teach? Read the two lines that tell this truth.

2. Do you know the wren? It is a tiny bird, but it sings a fine, loud song. It likes to build its nest near the homes of people. You should make its acquaintance.



THE SANDPIPER

BY CELIA THAXTER

The author of this poem spent much of her life in a lonely lighthouse near the coast of New Hampshire. She loved the seabirds which lived along the beach, and wrote many poems about them.

A CROSS the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it, 5
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky; 10
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, 15
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
 5 He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye ;
 Stanch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 10 When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky ;
 15 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

1. What is a sandpiper? Where does he live? How does he get his food? What does he do in a storm? What lesson does he teach us? Re-read the first two stanzas silently. What picture do you see?

2. Words: sül'len; ghösts; shrouds; stänch; wröth; fit'ful; drift'wood. Use these words in sentences of your own.



THE BLUEBIRD

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary;
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat. 5
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know; 10
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer:
Summer is coming, and springtime is here.

Little white snowdrops! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes:
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? 15
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!

1. Read this poem carefully four or five times. Then see how much of it you can repeat without looking at the book. Read it again until you know it all by memory.

LESSONS FROM LIFE

This is a group of old stories and poems that have a plain moral teaching. They have been told again and again, but they are always new because they are eternally true. These are the tales that stay in one's memory long after the lighter stories have been forgotten.





“TRY AGAIN”

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH

“**W**ILL you give my kite a lift?” said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground.

Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

“Ah! now, how awkward you are!” said he.

“It was your fault entirely,” answered his sister.

“You should have run as quickly as you could when I threw the kite up for you.”

“*Try again*, children,” said I.

Lucy once more took up the kite; but now John was in too great a hurry; he ran off so suddenly that he twitched it out of her hand, and the kite fell flat as before.

“Well, who is to blame now?” asked Lucy.

“*Try again*,” said I.

They did, and with more care; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail got entangled in a moment, leaving the poor kite with its head hanging downward.

"There! there!" exclaimed John. "That comes of your throwing it all to one side."

"As if I could make the wind blow straight," said Lucy.

In the meantime, I went to the kite's assistance, and, having disengaged the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then *try again*."

We presently found a nice grassplot, at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up just as little John ran off. It rose with all the dignity of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look up and admire. The string slackened, the kite tottered, and, the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass.

"Oh, John! you should not have stopped," said I. "However, *try again*."

"I won't try any more," replied he rather sullenly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite won't fly, and I don't want to be plagued with it any longer."

"Oh fie, my man! would you give up the sport,

after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite? A few disappointments ought not to discourage us. Come, I have wound up your string, and now *try again*."

5 And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried up on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick, and gazing on the kite, which now looked like a little white speck in the blue sky.

10 "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies! And it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string; I am sure it would go to the end of it."

After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little 15 John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well.

"Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, 20 and *try again*?"

1. Why did the kite not go up at first? Whose fault was it?
2. This story teaches us to keep on trying; not to give up if things are against us. But it also teaches something more. It teaches teamwork. If John and Lucy had worked together, they would have had much less trouble. Are you trying to "play the game" in good humor with your fellows?
3. What other story in this section teaches us to try again?



THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER

BY ELIZABETH TURNER

THERE was a little grasshopper
Forever on the jump ;
And, as he never looked ahead,
He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day,
As they were in the stubble,
“If you don’t look before you leap,
You’ll get yourself in trouble.”

This silly little grasshopper
Despised his wise old mother,
And said he knew what best to do,
And bade her not to bother.

5

10

THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER 301

He hurried off across the fields —
An unknown path he took —
When, oh ! he gave a heedless jump,
And landed in a brook.

5 He struggled hard to reach the bank —
A floating straw he seizes —
When quick a hungry trout darts out,
And tears him all to pieces.

THE MORAL

Good little boys and girls, heed well
Your mother's wise advice :
Before you move, look carefully,
Before you speak, think twice.

1. Why is this grasshopper called "conceited"? What got him into trouble? What happened to him?
2. What lesson does the poem teach? What is this teaching called in the poem?
3. Which words in the verses do you not understand?





AN AX TO GRIND

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The author of this selection tells it as an actual happening to himself. It is one of the best-known stories in this book; and it has helped hundreds of people. Read it to find out how it can help you.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? And what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death.

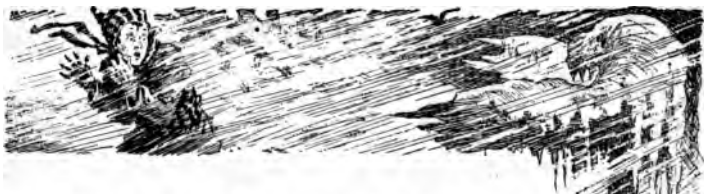
The schoolbell rang, and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, — "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I. "It was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

1. Who was Benjamin Franklin? Do you know anything else he wrote?
2. Did the man in the story treat Franklin right? Give your reason for your answer.
3. What is meant by the saying, "He has an ax to grind"?





HARRY AND THE GUIDEPOST

THE night was dark, the sun was hid
Behind the mountain gray,
And not a single star appeared
To shoot its silver ray.

In the dark woods the gray owl flew,
Loud roared the wintry blast ;
And homeward, trembling all the while,
Benighted Harry passed.

Awhile, in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find ;
And then he thought he saw, beyond,
A form of horrid kind.

In dreadful white it upward rose,
Of coat and mantle bare,
And stretched its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

Poor Harry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood.
"But then," thought he, "no harm, I'm sure,
Should happen to the good."

So, calling all his courage up,
He toward the monster went ;
And, eager, through the fearful gloom,
His anxious glances sent.

5 And when he came quite near the thing
Which gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands and shouted too,
And loudly laughed outright.

For 'twas a guidepost standing there,
10 To point which way to go,
And no fierce beast nor fearful ghost,
That frightened Harry so.

"Ah, well," said he, "one thing I've learned,
Nor shall I soon forget :
15 Whatever frightens me again,
I'll march straight up to it.

"And when I hear an idle tale
Of monster or of ghost,
I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
20 And one tall, white guidepost."

1. This is an old poem which your grandfathers liked to read when they were schoolboys. Read it, and then repeat the story in your own words.

2. Was Harry a coward? What lesson does the story teach?



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

MOST of you have heard the old story of the two farmers and the ox.

Farmer Brown runs to Farmer Jones, and says, "Your ox has just been badly gored by my bull." Farmer Jones is very angry and demands damages. 5

"No, no—I was wrong," says Farmer Brown. "It is my ox that has been gored by your bull."

Farmer Jones quickly forgets his anger. "Nonsense, man!" he says. "It is a trifle. Let it pass."

This story teaches that we ought to be as careful 10 of the rights of others as we are of our own; and from it came the old saying, "It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored."

Something like this in its moral is the story of the two travelers and the bag of money. 15

It seems that as two men were journeying along the highway in company, one of them chanced to spy a bag of money in the grass by the roadside.

He sprang forward, seized it, and thrust it into his

pocket. "Well, well, I am in luck!" said he joyfully. "I have found a bag of money."

"What?" said the other. "You have found a bag of money? You have found it? Not at all, sir! We are together, and we have found it."

"Oh, we have found it, have we?" said the first. "No, no, sir, you had nothing to do with it. I found it, and I shall keep it."

He said this in a very harsh tone; but no sooner had he got the words out of his mouth, than they heard behind them a tremendous hue and cry, "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"Bless me!" said the finder of the bag. "We are not so lucky, after all. I'm afraid we shall get into the lockup for this. What shall we do?"

"Do? We do? What do you mean, sir, by 'we'? Do? Do what you please. As for me, my conscience is clear. I have no fears. You found the money: I had nothing to do with it, you know. Keep it, by all means! You would not share your good fortune with me: I will not share your ill fortune with you."

This was one of the cases where it makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.

1. How many stories are told in this selection? Tell each.
2. The moral of the stories is told in the title, "Circumstances Alter Cases." Explain now what this means.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

1. Whatever you do or say becomes a part of the life about us. The arrow was found in the oak; the song was remembered by a friend. Why should we be careful of what we do or say? Why is it better to be cheerful and helpful than cross and selfish?

2. You should know the poem by heart. It will do you good, and you can help others by repeating it to them. Perhaps afterwards you will find it "in the heart of a friend."



THE NOBLEST DEED

IN Persia there once lived a wealthy merchant who was known all over the world for his wisdom and generosity. One day, when he had become a very old man, he called his three sons together and said to them :

“My sons, I have lived long and have scarcely known a day of leisure, so busy have I been in heaping up wealth. Now, here are my possessions. They are yours. I have divided them into three equal parts, and to each of you I give a part.

“But there is one thing that I cannot give you, for it is very precious and cannot be divided. It is this diamond ring—the most costly of all my possessions. I will give it to that one of you who does the

noblest deed. Go, each of you, and travel for six months; then return, and tell what you have done."

So the sons departed. They traveled in different directions, and at the end of the time, all returned to tell what they had seen and done. 5

The eldest son spoke first, and said, "On my journey a stranger asked me to guard a large number of valuable jewels. I could easily and safely have taken some of them and made myself rich. But I gave the package back to him exactly as I received it. 10 Now, wasn't that a noble deed?"

The father answered: "To be simply honest is not to be noble. You did only what is right. You acted well, but not nobly."

The second son said, "One day I saw a child who 15 was playing on the bank of a deep river fall into the water. I jumped from my horse, and leaped into the water, and after a desperate struggle, saved it from drowning and carried it, unharmed, to its mother. Do you not think that was a very noble deed?" 20

"My son," said the Persian, "you did only your duty. It was your duty to save the child. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

Then the youngest son said, "I had an enemy who has tried many times to kill me. One day, I was traveling along a very narrow and dangerous road. On one side was a high mountain, and on the other a steep, high cliff. I was surprised to see some one lying in

the road. I dismounted, and found that it was my enemy.

"He was asleep on the very edge of the cliff. If he had moved in his sleep, he would have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. I might have pushed him over, but I pulled him back, woke him, and sent him on his way."

Then the father cried out in joy. "Dear son, the diamond is yours. For, to do good to those who would do us evil is a noble and generous deed which few men are wise enough and strong enough to perform."

1. This is a tale of the Far East. Do you know where Persia is?
 2. Why did this Persian send his sons out to travel?
 3. What is the difference between being honest and acting nobly?
- If a person does no more than his duty is he doing enough? Why was the diamond awarded to the youngest of the three sons?

Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. — The Bible.

PERSEVERANCE

' **T**IS a lesson you should heed —
Try again ;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try again ;

Let your courage then appear,

5

For, if you will *persevere*,

You will conquer, never fear,

Try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,

Try again ;

10

If you would at last prevail,

Try again ;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace

Though we do not win the race.

What should we do in that case?

15

Try again.

If you find your task is hard,

Try again ;

Time will bring you your reward ;

Try again ;

20

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience, may not you?

Only keep this rule in view —

Try again.

ADVENTURE

There is something in the word "adventure" to make us open our eyes. When we hear it, we imagine all kinds of happenings—Indian wars, doings of pirates, shipwreck, and what not. The little sheaf of stories in this section will certainly not disappoint you in variety.



THE PIRATES OF THE POND

WE called it a pond ; but it was really a shallow lake of fresh water, fed by springs and drained by a meadow brook. It covered two acres of ground, and its bottom was a firm, fine sand. Nowhere was its depth beyond the shoulders of a boy of ten years. And best of all it had a wooded island in its very middle.

This pond was the meeting place of all the children of our neighborhood. Since it was on my father's farm and near the house, my two brothers and I spent most of our idle time in the summer on its shores or in its waters.

We sailed our toy boats across it. We learned to swim in it. We waded, and we built sand houses on the beach. But our best fun was playing pirate.

Of course a pirate craft must be big enough to carry a crew. It must have a real mast and a real pirate flag. Those three things were uppermost in the minds of the builders of our "ship." A dozen of us were its carpenters ; and from its appearance when finished, each of us worked on his own plan.

We gathered together old lumber from everywhere. Fences, corncribs, and even household furniture were not free from our marauding. All our pieces of timber were finally brought together beside the pond. Then there was a mighty hammering. We drove enough nails to hold up the framework of a barn.

The girls made our flag — a terrible pennant with a skull and crossbones inked on each side. They also made paper hats for the crew. This they did in exchange for our solemn promises of frequent excursions on the boat.

We christened it *Blackbeard* — a terrible name for the little raft of a vessel. And we launched it with all the pomp we knew. As we shoved it into the water, Margery Blackburn broke a bottle of ink on its one and only deck. Her aim was poor, and she came near to disabling one of our crew. He escaped with a scratched ear and an inky-black face.

Anyway the vessel floated; and its heavy timbers would bear up under a weighty load without wetting our bare feet. Many a hot afternoon we poled *Blackbeard* along the shady shore nearest the big woods; and frequently we landed in force on little Lone Island and drove out an imaginary enemy.

We were half afraid of the island, and its conquest was no small victory. It had a history which we all believed to be true. Old folks' tales said that a band of Indians had once used it for religious purposes. Here their Medicine Man had held his powwows with the spirits called down from the Happy Hunting Ground.

One day we were especially venturesome. Billy Thompson suggested we dig on the island for buried treasure! Buried treasure! Why had we not thought

of that before? There were six of us that day, and no one was willing to admit his fear to another. So away we ran for shovels, and soon Lone Island was being tapped in various spots.

6 I doubt if we really expected to discover anything. The thrill of the venture was enough in itself to pay for our labors.

I had selected a spot beside an old stump for my search. It was an easy bit of earth to dig, and it was
10 also shaded. I had been steadily turning up the sandy loam for fully fifteen minutes when my spade struck something hard. Whatever the object was, I was certain it was not a stone. It sounded like metal or —

I let out a yell. It was a perfect pirate whoop that
15 brought every boy scrambling.

“I’ve found — Something!” I gasped. To prove it I poked the spade down slowly. Its blade rasped against — Something!

“A skull!” guessed one.

20 “A box of silver,” said another.

Half afraid, they all piled into the little pit I had opened up and began to clean out the loose dirt. We struck the Something several times. It was not large, but it seemed to be heavy.

25 We were fairly down now to whatever it was. Carefully we uncovered the top of our find. Six pairs of eyes stared as I raked away the last crumbs of earth. The Something was not a skull and it was not a box.

It appeared to have the top of a kettle. But it was no ordinary kettle. A flat stone, nicely rounded, fitted exactly inside the top. We tried to remove this stone but could not. We must do more digging.

Every added shovelful of dirt showed us more of the kettle — for a rusty iron kettle it was. It rolled out of its burial place directly and two of us tried to lift it up. We could not! Never was a pirate crew more excited than we. Three of us tried; then four. Finally the six pairs of hands brought it out of the hole. 10

Upside down it fell, and the stone lid came loose. Over we turned the kettle slowly and out rolled a treasure of arrowheads of flint, stones for grinding and polishing, and stones of shapes unknown to us. Among these were a few old colonial copper coins. There was 15 no other money; but we pirates were not at all unhappy.

We had found real treasure, buried treasure of the Indians! What more could a pirate crew wish for?

I need not tell you about our giving our find over to 20 the state museum. That is another story, and another day of glory for the Pirates of the Pond. You might guess that every inch of ground on Lone Island was dug up by our crew. But nothing more was discovered. Mine had been the good luck; and because of that luck 25 I was made chief of the Pirates of the Pond for a whole month after my discovery.



ANDY MOORE

BY GRACE GREENWOOD

ANDY MOORE was a short, freckled little country boy, as tough as a pine knot. Sometimes Andy wore a cap and sometimes he wore none. His shaggy red hair, he thought, covered his head very well. His home was in a very wild, rocky country.

Andy knew much more about rattlesnakes and birds' nests than he did about people. He used to spend a great deal of time in the summer rocking on the limb of a tall tree or climbing to the summit of a high hill. He had no brothers or sisters, so his life was very lonely. The house where he lived with his father and mother was a rough shanty on the side of a hill.

At the foot of this hill was the railroad track. Andy often watched the great trains go rushing by with the engine belching out clouds of steam and smoke. He wondered what it was like inside the big Pullman cars. He wondered, too, where the tracks went when they left his own valley.

One day as Andy was crossing the track from the pasture field to the brook, he saw that there was something wrong with it. He did not know much about steel rails because he was only a little lad. But they seemed somehow to be wrong; and Andy had heard of trains being thrown off the track because something was wrong with the rails.

Andy was sure in a moment that something was badly the matter. A piece of the track was gone!

Just then he heard a distant whistle. Andy knew that an express train was about due. He was only a little boy, but perhaps he could stop it in some way. At any rate, there was nobody else to do it. Down the ties he raced as fast as his little legs could carry him. He heard the train thunder over a distant bridge. On and on raced Andy. A swirl of smoke burst from the curve in the tracks a mile below.

Andy waved his arms madly. Five sharp toots of the whistle warned him to get off the track. But he stood his ground boldly and waved both his short arms wildly. The engine was bearing down upon him. Would it never stop? A few hundred yards

away, the air brakes began grinding and the Great Flier slowed down sharply with the engine only a short distance from where little Andy stood.

Now that the danger was over the lad was very much frightened. The engineer, fireman, and conductor all came rushing down upon the little figure. Andy's lip quivered as he told his story briefly on the way to the broken rail.

By that time several men had climbed out of the coaches to see what had happened. What they saw was a little red-headed boy perched on the shoulders of the conductor, while a fireman and an engineer patted the little lad's chubby legs. Freckled little Andy had become a hero.

1. Where did Andy Moore live? Was that his correct name? What kind of boy was he? Tell the story in your own words.
2. What is meant by the "Great Flier"?
3. Why is Andy called a hero? What is a hero?





A BRAVE INDIAN GIRL

BY HENRY SCHOOLCRAFT

MANY years ago there lived in the West a tribe of Indians who called themselves Illinois. They were not savage and warlike, as the tribes around them were, but they liked to live in peace, hunting the deer in the great woods and taking the fish from the, shallow streams.

On the bank of a pretty little river that flows into the great Mississippi, a small band of these Indians had built their wigwams. All along the stream were tall oaks and spreading walnut trees, with here and there a grove of wild plums or a thicket of hazel bushes. But only half a mile away began the great prairie.

where there was neither tree nor bush, but only tall grass; and it stretched like a green sea as far as the eye could reach.

What there was on the other side of the prairie, the Indians did not know. But they had been told that a fierce race of men lived there who loved only war.

"We will live quietly in our own place," they said, "and then these strangers will not molest us."

10 And so for many years they lived in a careless, happy way by the side of the pretty river; and few of their young men dared to wander far from the friendly shelter of the woods.

One day in summer, when the woods were full of 15 the songs of birds, the Illinois had a festival under the oaks that shaded their village. The young people played merry games on the green, while their fathers and mothers sat in the doors of the wigwams and talked of the peaceful days that were past.

20 All at once a savage yell was heard in the hazel thicket by the river; then another from the edge of the prairie; and then a third from the lower end of the village. In a moment all was terror and confusion. Too well the Illinois knew the meaning of these 25 cries. The savage strangers from beyond the prairie had come at last.

The attack had been so sudden and fierce that the Illinois could not defend themselves. They scattered

and fled far into the woods on the other side of the little river. Then, one by one, they came together in a shady glen where they could hide from danger. But even there they could hear the yells of their foes, and they could see the black smoke that rose from their burning wigwams.

The bravest among them were hopeless. They threw their bows upon the ground. The warriors were gloomy and silent. They said it was useless to fight with foes so strong and fierce. The women and children wept as though heartbroken.

But at the very moment when all seemed lost, a young girl stood up among them. She had been well known in the little village. Her thoughtful, quiet ways had endeared her to old and young alike. Her name was Watseka.

There were no tears in Watseka's eyes as she turned her face toward the gloomy warriors. There was no fear in her voice as she spoke.

"Are you men," she said, "and do you thus give up all hope? Turn your faces toward the village. Do you see the smoke of our burning homes? Our enemies are counting the scalps they have taken. They are eating the deer that you killed yesterday on your own hunting grounds. And do you stand here and do nothing?"

Some of the warriors turned their faces toward the burning village, but no one spoke.

"Very well," said Watseka. "I will show you what can be done. Follow me, women of the Illinois! The strangers shall not laugh because they have driven us so easily from our homes. They shall not feed upon the corn that we have raised. We will show them what the Illinois can do. Follow me!"

As Watseka spoke, her eyes sparkled with a light which filled every heart with new courage. With one accord, the women and girls gathered around her.

10 "Lead us, Watseka!" they cried. "We will follow you. We are not afraid."

They armed themselves with the bows and the hatchets which the warriors had thrown upon the ground. Those who could find nothing else picked
15 up stones and sticks. The boys joined them, their eyes flashing with eagerness. All felt that Watseka would lead them to victory.

Then it was that courage came again into the hearts of the warriors.

20 "Are we men, and do we let the women and boys thus outdo us?" they cried. "No, we alone will drive our foes from our home. We will fear nothing. We will never rest until we have won back all that we have lost!"

25 And so Watseka and the women and boys did not go into battle. But the warriors of the Illinois in the darkness of the night crept silently back through the shadows of the wood. While their foes lay sleeping

by the fires of the burning wigwams, they swept down upon them like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. Their revenge was swift and terrible.

And so the Illinois were again at peace. They rebuilt their wigwams by the side of the pleasant river, and there they lived in comfort for many long years. Nor did they ever forget how the maiden Watseka had saved them in their hour of greatest need. The story of her bravery was told and retold a thousand times; the warriors talked of her beauty; the women praised her goodness; and so long as there were Indians in that western land, the name of Watseka was remembered and honored.

1. This story has been retold and adapted from a volume by Henry Schoolcraft, a noted writer and student of Indian life. Longfellow got from Schoolcraft the facts for the poem "Hiawatha."

2. Where did the Illinois Indians live? Where is our present state of Illinois? What kind of Indians were the Illinois?

3. The Indians called Watseka a heroine. What does that mean? What did she do?

4. Explain what the following are: Mississippi, hazel, hatchet, thicket, scalp.

5. What other Indian stories have you read in this book? Do you know any other story of adventure among the Indians?



THE END OF THE RAINBOW

BY GRACE GREENWOOD

ONE summer afternoon when I was about eight years of age, I stood at an eastern window, looking at a beautiful rainbow. Bending from the sky, it seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile distant.

It happened that no one was in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who was just recovering from a severe illness. He sat, propped up by pillows, in an easy-chair, looking out with me at the rainbow.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we go in the spring to find winter-greens!"

"Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, with a very serious face, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is that truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," answered my brother with a smile.

Now I was a simple-hearted child, and believed everything that was told me; so, without another word, I darted out of the door and set forth toward the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he could, but I did not heed him.

I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was sadly drabbling my clean dress. On and on I ran; I was so sure that I knew just where that rainbow ended. I remember how glad and proud I was, and what fine presents I promised all my friends out of my great riches.

So thinking, and laying delightful plans, I had reached, almost before I knew it, the cedar grove. The end of the rainbow was not there! But I saw it — a little farther off — shining down among the trees;

so on and on I struggled, through the thick bushes and over logs, till I came within the sound of a stream which ran through the swamp.

Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come
5 down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"
Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver, and my purses of money. How should I ever find them there? And what a time I should have getting them out! I reached the bank of the stream,
10 and "the end was not yet." But I could see it, a little way off, on the other side.

I crossed the creek on a fallen tree, and still ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way and my side ached with fatigue. The woods grew thicker and
15 darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people had found before me, that there was rather hard traveling in a journey after riches.

In my weariness I forgot to keep my eye on the
20 rainbow as I had done before; and when at last I remembered to look for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had faded quite away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my pilgrim-
25 age but muddy feet and a wet, torn dress. So I started for home.

But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way; I was lost. I could not tell

which was east or west, north or south ; but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

All at once, I heard voices shouting and hallooing ; but, instead of being rejoiced at this, I was frightened, fearing that the Indians were upon me ! I crawled under some bushes by the side of a large log, and lay perfectly still. I was cold and hungry, — altogether very miserable, indeed ; yet, when the voices came near, I did not start up and show myself. 10

At last, I heard my own name called ; but I remembered that Indians were very cunning, and thought they might have found it out in some way. So I did not answer. Then came a voice near me which sounded like that of my eldest brother, who lived away from 15 home and whom I had not seen for many months ; but I dared not believe the voice was his.

Soon some one sprang upon the log by which I lay and stood there calling. I could not see his face, I could only see the tips of his toes ; but by them I saw 20 that he wore a nice pair of boots, and not moccasins. Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like white folks.

So I kept quiet, till I heard shouted over me a pet name, which this brother had given me. It was the 25 funniest name in the world. I was sure that no Indian knew of the name, as it was a little family secret ; so I sprang up and caught my brother about the ankles.

I hardly think that an Onondaga could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and, after he had kissed away all my tears, he hoisted me on to his shoulder, called my other brothers who were searching in different directions, and we all set out for home.

1. When do rainbows appear? What causes them? Where was the last one that you saw? Where was the sun at the same time?
2. What do people sometimes say lies at the end of a rainbow? Does a rainbow really have an end?
3. Who tells the story? How old was Gracie? Is her adventure exciting?
4. Were you ever lost? Where? How?



THE SHIPWRECK

BY DANIEL DEFOE

The ship, in which Robinson Crusoe was, had run ashore in a storm. The crew launched a boat in an effort to save themselves. The story below tells how Crusoe got to land safely.

NOW our case was very dismal indeed. For we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not escape, and that we should be drowned. As to making sail, we had none, nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it. So we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution. For we all knew that when the boat came near the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach of the sea. However, we pulled as well as we could towards land. 10

What the shore was, whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal, we knew not. Our only hope was that we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river. But as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea. 15

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, a raging wave, mountainlike, came rolling

astern of us. It took us with such a fury that it over-set the boat at once. We were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe how I felt, when I sank into
5 the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath. I was half dead with the water I took in. But I got upon my feet, and endeavored to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should re-
10 turn and take me up again. I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill. My business was to hold my breath, and raise myself upon the water, if I could.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at
15 once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way. But I held my breath, and swam forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when I
20 found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water. Though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage.

I was covered again with water a good while, but
25 not so long but I held it out. And finding the water had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover

breath, and then took to my heels, and ran with what strength I had towards the shore. Twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last one of these two had well-nigh been fatal to me. For the sea hurried me along, as before, and landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, with such force that it left me senseless and helpless. The blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath quite out of my body; and had the waves returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water. But I recovered a little before their return.

Seeing I should be covered again with the water, I held fast by a piece of the rock. These waves were not so high as at first, being near land. So I held my hold till the wave fell, and then fetched another run. This brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, did not swallow me up. And the next run I took, I got to the mainland. There, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

1. What book is this taken from? What other books do you know that are full of adventure stories?

2. Find in your dictionaries the meaning of these words: breach; astern; execution; fatal.

THE USUAL BURGLAR

WE were alone at home — mother, brother, and I. It was a dark windy night, too, and we lived on a lonesome country road. Father had gone to sit up with a sick neighbor, and would not return till
5 midnight.

We boys helped wash up the supper dishes, and had no thought of being lonesome. In fact we planned to pop corn and make fudge as soon as we had done our home work for the next day's lessons in school.

10 We carried out this program, with mother's consent. She told us we might stay up with her till ten thirty, for she was too nervous to go to bed till father came back. By nine o'clock the corn was popped, and a big dish of fudge was ready. After that the time began to
15 go more slowly. Outside the wind howled, and the shutters banged in the gusts.

Then we did a foolish thing. We began to talk about burglars. Brother told of a house that had been robbed in the village several miles away. The burglar had
20 climbed into an upstairs window, and had carried off no end of things. Mother got up from her chair, and double-bolted the front door.

Outside, the gale whistled through the barren limbs of the trees, and a few drops of sleet pattered on the
25 window panes. I was terribly frightened, but I wished

to appear brave. So I picked up the newspaper, and began reading aloud. Imagine my surprise! I had commenced the story of a bank robbery in a big city! I had to finish the whole half column of it. But by the time I was done my voice had dropped to a whisper. 5

Bang! went something on the door. We looked at each other speechless. Bang! it went again. That noise was not made by the wind, for there was nothing about the door to rattle.

"He's at the door!" whispered my brother. He 10 meant, of course, that the burglar had come.

Mother managed to reach the telephone and to ring central frantically. But before she had an answer, the door knob rattled. Something had hold of that knob on the outside! I screeched — a half-choked, 15 quavering cry of fear.

"Meow!" came in plainly the voice of the one outside.

"The cat!" we all three whispered together. And 20 mother never completed her call.

The family cat it was, sure enough. There he was, half-frozen, hanging on the knob, when we opened the door. It was my scream that he had answered.

That was the last burglar that night; and indeed it was the last burglar we ever talked of in our home. 25 When anyone brought up the subject, somebody else always cut him off with, "The cat!" and the subject was dismissed in laughter.

OTHER LANDS AND TIMES

In strange lands and in past times many queer things have happened. At least our storybooks tell us as much. The two long tales in this section take you to an Old World, far away in distance and in time.





WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

The story of Dick Whittington has been told and retold to English-speaking children for more than five hundred years. There is a legend which states that Sir Richard Whittington (doubtless Dick himself) was elected Lord Mayor of London three times — 1398, 1406, and 1419.

There are many similar stories of cats having brought great fortunes to their owners.

I. THE CITY

THERE was once a little boy whose name was Richard Whittington ; but everybody called him Dick. His father and mother had died when he was only a babe, and the people who had the care of him were very poor. Dick was not old enough to work, and so he had a hard time of it indeed. Sometimes he had no breakfast, and sometimes he had no dinner ; and he was glad at any time to get a crust of bread or a drop of milk.

Now, in the town where Dick lived, the people liked to talk about London. None of them had ever been to the great city, but they seemed to know all about the wonderful things which were to be seen there. They said that all the folks who lived in London were fine gentlemen and ladies; that there was singing and music there all day long; that nobody was ever hungry there, and nobody had to work; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

Dick listened to these stories, and wished that he could go to London.

One day a big wagon drawn by eight horses, all with bells on their heads, drove into the little town. Dick saw the wagon standing by the inn, and he thought that it must be going to the fine city of London.

When the driver came out and was ready to start, the lad ran up and asked him if he might walk by the side of the wagon. The driver asked him some questions; and when he learned how poor Dick was, and that he had neither father nor mother, he told him that he might do as he liked.

It was a long walk for the little lad; but by and by he came to the city of London. He was in such a hurry to see the wonderful sights, that he forgot to thank the driver of the wagon. He ran as fast as he could, from one street to another, trying to find those that were paved with gold. He had once seen a piece of money that was gold, and he knew that it would buy

a great, great many things; and now he thought that if he could get only a little bit of the pavement, he would have everything that he wanted.

Poor Dick ran till he was so tired that he could run no farther. It was growing dark, and in every street there was only dirt instead of gold. He sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself to sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, he was very hungry; but there was not even a crust of bread for him to eat. He forgot all about the golden pavements, and thought only of food. He walked about from one street to another, and at last grew so hungry that he began to ask those whom he met to give him a penny to buy something to eat.

“Go to work, you idle fellow,” said some of them; and the rest passed him by without looking at him.

“I wish I could go to work!” said Dick.

II. THE KITCHEN

By and by Dick grew so faint and tired that he could go no farther. He sat down by the door of a fine house, and wished that he was back again in the little town where he was born. The cookmaid, who was just getting dinner, saw him, and called out, —

“What are you doing there, you little beggar? If you don’t get away quick, I’ll throw a panful of hot dishwater over you. Then I guess you will jump.”

Just at that time the master of the house, whose name was Mr. Fitzwarren, came home to dinner. When he saw the ragged little fellow at his door, he said, —

“My lad, what are you doing here? I am afraid, you are a lazy fellow, and that you want to live without work.”

“No, indeed!” said Dick. “I would like to work, if I could find anything to do. But I do not know anybody in this town, and I have not had anything to eat for a long time.”

“Poor little fellow!” said Mr. Fitzwarren. “Come in, and I will see what I can do for you.” And he ordered the cook to give the lad a good dinner, and then to find some light work for him to do. 15

Little Dick would have been very happy in the new home which he had thus found, if it had not been for the cross cook. She would often say, —

“You are my boy now, and so you must do as I tell you. Look sharp there! Make the fires, carry out the ashes, wash these dishes, sweep the floor, bring in the wood! Oh, how lazy you are!” And then she would box his ears, or beat him with the broomstick.

At last little Alice, his master's daughter, saw how he was treated, and she told the cook she would be turned off if she was not kinder to the lad. After that, Dick had an easier time of it; but his troubles were not over yet, by any means.

His bed was in a garret at the top of the house, far away from the rooms where the other people slept. There were many holes in the floor and walls, and every night a great number of rats and mice came in. They tormented Dick so much that he did not know what to do.

One day a gentleman gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes, and he made up his mind that he would buy a cat with it. The very next morning he met a girl who was carrying a cat in her arms.

"I will give you a penny for that cat," he said.

"All right," the girl said. "You may have her, and you will find that she is a good mouser too."

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and every day he carried a part of his dinner to her. It was not long before she had driven all the rats and mice away; and then Dick could sleep soundly every night.

III. THE VENTURE

Some time after that a ship that belonged to Mr. Fitzwarren was about to start on a voyage across the sea. It was loaded with goods which were to be sold in lands far away. Mr. Fitzwarren wanted to give his servants a chance for good fortune too, and so he called all of them into the parlor, and asked if they had anything they would like to send out in the ship for trade.

Everyone had something to send — everyone but Dick ; and as he had neither money nor goods, he stayed in the kitchen, and did not come in with the rest. Little Alice guessed why he did not come, and so she said to her papa, —

“Poor Dick ought to have a chance too. Here is some money out of my own purse that you may put in for him.”

“No, no, my child !” said Mr. Fitzwarren. “He must risk something of his own.” And then he called very loud, “Here Dick ! What are you going to send out on the ship?”

Dick heard him, and came into the room.

“I have nothing in the world,” he said, “but a cat which I bought some time ago for a penny.”

“Fetch your cat, then, my lad,” said Mr. Fitzwarren, “and let her go out. Who knows but that she will bring you some profit?”

Dick, with tears in his eyes, carried poor puss down to the ship, and gave her to the captain. Everybody laughed at his queer venture ; but little Alice felt sorry for him, and gave him money to buy another cat.

After that, the cook was worse than before. She made fun of him for sending his cat to sea. “Do you think,” she would say, “that puss will sell for enough money to buy a stick to beat you?”

At last Dick could not stand her abuse any longer, and he made up his mind to go back to his old home in

the little country town. So, very early in the morning on Allhallows' Day, he started. He walked as far as the place called Holloway, and there he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called "Whittington's
 5 Stone."

As he sat there very sad, and wondering which way he should go, he heard the bells of Bow Church, far away, ringing out a merry chime. He listened. They seemed to say to him, —

10 "Turn again, Whittington,
 Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

"Well, well!" he said to himself. "I would put up with almost anything to be Lord Mayor of London when I am a man, and to ride in a fine coach. I think
 15 I will go back and let the old cook cuff and scold as much as she pleases."

Dick did go back, and he was lucky enough to get into the kitchen, and set about his work, before the cook came downstairs to get breakfast.

IV. THE CAT

20 Mr. Fitzwarren's ship made a long voyage, and at last reached a strange land on the other side of the sea. The people had never seen any white men before, and they came in great crowds to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded. The captain wanted



very much to trade with the king of the country ; and it was not long before the king sent word for him to come to the palace and see him.

The captain did so. He was shown into a beautiful room, and given a seat on a rich carpet. The king and queen were seated not far away ; and soon a number of dishes were brought in for dinner.

They had hardly begun to eat when an army of rats and mice rushed in, and devoured all the meat before anyone could hinder them. The captain wondered at this, and asked if it was not very unpleasant to have so many rats and mice about.

"Oh, yes !" was the answer. "The king would give half his treasure if he could get rid of them."

The captain jumped for joy. He remembered the cat which little Whittington had sent out ; and he told the king that he had a little creature on board his ship which would make short work of the pests.

Then it was the king's turn to jump for joy ; and he jumped so high that his yellow cap, or turban, dropped off his head.



“Bring the creature to me,” he said. “If she will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold.”

The captain made believe that he would be very sorry to part with the cat; but at last he went down to the ship to get her, while the king and queen made haste to have another dinner made ready.

The captain, with puss under his arm, reached the palace just in time to see the table crowded with rats.

The cat leaped out upon them, and oh! what havoc she did make among the troublesome creatures! Most of them were soon stretched dead upon the floor, while the rest scampered away to their holes, and did not dare to come out again.

The king had never been so glad in his life; and the queen asked that the creature which had done such wonders should be brought to her. The captain called and the cat came up and rubbed against his legs. He picked her up, and offered her to the queen; but at first the queen was afraid to touch her.

However, the captain stroked the cat, and called, “Pussy, pussy, pussy!” and then the queen ventured

to touch her. She could only say, "Putty, putty, putty!" for she had not learned to talk English. The captain then put the cat down on the queen's lap, where she purred until she went to sleep.

The king would not have missed getting the cat now for the world. He at once made a bargain with the captain for all the goods on board the ship; and then he gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest came to. The captain was very glad. He bade the king and queen good-by, and the very next day set sail for England.

V. THE FORTUNE

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren was sitting at his desk in his office. He heard some one tap softly at his door, and he said, —

"Who's there?"

15

"A friend," was the answer. "I have come to bring you news of your ship *Unicorn*."

Mr. Fitzwarren jumped up quickly, and opened the door. Whom should he see waiting there but the captain, with a bill of lading in one hand and a box of jewels in the other? He was so full of joy that he lifted up his eyes, and thanked Heaven for sending him such good fortune.

The captain soon told the story of the cat; and then he showed the rich present which the king and

25

queen had sent to poor Dick in payment for her. As soon as the good gentleman heard this, he called out to his servants, —

5 “Go send him in, and tell him of his fame;
 Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name.”

Some of the men who stood by said that so great a present ought not to be given to a mere boy; but Mr. Fitzwarren frowned upon them.

“It is his own,” he said, “and I will not hold back
10 one penny from him.”

Dick was scouring the pots when word was brought to him that he should go to the office.

“Oh, I am so dirty!” he said, “and my shoes are full of hobnails.” But he was told to make haste.
15 Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and then the lad began to think that they were making fun of him.

“I beg that you won’t play tricks with a poor boy like me,” he said. “Please let me go back to my
20 work.”

“Mr. Whittington,” said Mr. Fitzwarren, “this is no joke at all. The captain has sold your cat, and has brought you, in return for her, more riches than I have in the whole world.”

25 Then he opened the box of jewels, and showed Dick his treasures.



The poor boy did not know what to do. He begged his master to take a part of it; but Mr. Fitzwarren said, "No, it is all your own; and I feel sure that you will make good use of it."

Dick then offered some of his jewels to his mistress and little Alice. They thanked him, and told him that they felt great joy at his good luck, but wished him to keep his riches for himself.

But he was too kind-hearted to keep everything for himself. He gave nice presents to the captain and the sailors, and to the servants in Mr. Fitzwarren's house. He even remembered the cross old cook.

After that, Whittington's face was washed, and his hair curled, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes; and then he was as handsome a young man as ever walked the streets of London.

Some time after that, there was a fine wedding at the finest church in London; and Miss Alice became the wife of Mr. Richard Whittington. And the lord mayor was there, and the great judges, and many rich merchants; and everybody was very happy.



And Richard Whittington became a great merchant, and was one of the foremost men in London. He was sheriff of the city, and thrice Lord Mayor; and King Henry V made him a knight.

5 He built the famous prison of Newgate in London. On the archway in front of the prison was a figure, cut in stone, of Sir Richard Whittington and his cat; and for three hundred years this figure was shown to all who visited London.

1. Where did the events of this story take place? In what city? In what country? What body of water lies between you and that country?

2. Into how many parts is the story divided? What is the name of each? Explain why each part is so named.

3. What happened to Dick in the city? In the kitchen? On the voyage?

4. What finally happened to Dick? What is a knight? What did the cat have to do with Dick's fortunes?

5. Now tell the main points of the whole story in your own words. Make your story short. You ought to retell it in two minutes.



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

By JOHN RUSKIN

This is a good story for you to read silently. Read it straight through without stopping. See how long it takes you. Be able to tell the chief events that happen.

IN a little valley in a mountain land there once lived three brothers, Schwartz, Hans, Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, so that you couldn't see into *them* although you always fancied that they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming — and very good farmers they were, in their way.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating; they shot the robins because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and they smothered the katydids which used to sing all autumn long. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER 353

It would be very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally managed to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then
5 sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were, indeed, of so selfish and grinding a temper that they were known throughout all that country as
10 the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as different as could be imagined. He was a fair, blue-eyed boy of twelve years of age — kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well
15 with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. Hence he was obliged to do most of the work about the farmhouse — to attend to the kitchen, to clean the shoes and floors — and for his pay he usually got a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of
20 education.

But, by and by, a change came over the valley, and the hard selfishness of the two elder brothers received its due reward. No rain fell on their fields from one year's end to another. Though everything was still
25 green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers were

obliged to leave the valley and seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains.

All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Let us turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans. "It is a good trade; and we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without anyone finding it out."

So they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths.¹⁰ But the people did not like the coppered gold, nor the bad manners of the two elder brothers; and so all the gold plate was melted without bringing in enough money to buy more.

At last there was left only one large drinking mug,¹⁵ which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and of which he was very fond. When it came to this mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, marched off to²⁰ dinner, and left him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was all ready.

But, strange to say, no sooner had the mug been melted ready for pouring out, than there stepped out of the melting pot a little golden dwarf, about a foot²⁵ and a half high. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the rainbow colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-



pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into the air.

5 "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River, that mountain stream which pours its waters into the valley above us yonder. I have been imprisoned in your drinking mug because of the ill will of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have
10 set me free. What I have seen of you makes me feel willing to serve you; therefore, listen to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which the Golden River flows and shall cast into the stream three drops of holy water, for him and him
15 only, the river shall turn into gold. But no one failing in his first attempt can succeed in a second trial; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned
20 away, and walked into the center of the hottest flame

of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — then rose, trembled, and disappeared.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his strange exit before Schwartz and Hans came roaring back into the house. The discovery of the entire loss of their last piece of plate angered them beyond measure and they gave Gluck a most terrible beating. When they had become tired out, they stopped and wanted to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story; but, pretending not to believe a word of it, they beat him again till their arms were weary, and then sauntered to bed.

In the morning the two brothers began a dispute as to which one of them should try his fortune first by making a journey to the Golden River. The quarrel became so furious that an officer, hearing them, came in and arrested Schwartz and carried him before a magistrate, who sent him to prison until he could pay his fine for disturbing the peace. Hans, who had escaped, resolved to set out at once for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest would not give any holy water to so bad a man as he. So Hans went to church in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning, before the sun rose, he put the holy

water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains. It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek, for level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains. The lower cliffs were like pale, gray shadows, hardly to be distinguished from the floating vapor; but higher up they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the sharp crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above a golden waterfall, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On reaching the top of the first range of green and low hills, Hans saw to his surprise that a large glacier lay between him and the Golden River. This he crossed with the greatest difficulty. The ice crashed and yawned into chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and it was with a feeling of panic and terror that he leaped the last chasm and flung himself exhausted on the firm turf of the mountain.

After an hour's rest he again began his journey. His way lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks,



without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or an angle in which he could find an inch of shade from the burning sun. He had been obliged to leave his basket on the glacier; and now intense thirst was added to his fatigue; glance after glance he cast on the flask of holy water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," he said at last; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. It was a small dog which seemed to be in the last agony of death from thirst. Its eyes looked wistfully at the bottle which Hans held in his hand.

He drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. The path became steeper now; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all far away, and his thirst became greater every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down at the flask; it was half empty, but there was much more

than three drops in it. He stopped to drink, and as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning with thirst. Hans looked at it, drank, and passed on. And a dark-gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up the mountain sides.

Hans struggled on, and soon he saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, not five hundred feet above him. At that instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his face was deadly pale. "Water!" he cried, feebly. "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," said Hans. "Thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the body, and went on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the heaven, and left it dark.

Hans stood at the brink of the chasm through which the Golden River ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the rolling thunder. He drew the flask from his belt, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered,

shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over A BLACK STONE.

When days passed and Hans did not return, poor little Gluck was in great trouble. There was no bread ^s in the house, nor any money. So he went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so well that he soon had money enough to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was ¹⁰ pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Schwartz thought that he would manage better than Hans, and so he took what was left of Gluck's money ¹⁵ and bought some holy water of a false priest who was willing to sell anything that would bring him gain. And he got up before the sun rose and set off for the mountains. Like Hans, he crossed the glacier; he saw the poor dog, and spurned it; and he refused to help the ²⁰ child upon the rocks; and to the old man, begging for water, he said, "I have not half enough for myself."

Just before reaching the brink of the river, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying in the path before him, stretching out his arms, and asking for water. "Water, ²⁵ indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure and passed on.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER 361

A sudden horror came over Schwartz. The waves of the Golden River were black like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire ; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. The lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith. But after a month or two he grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had been a source of trouble to his brothers, it was twenty times worse to him, who was so much younger and weaker. After he had passed it, he lay a long time to rest on the grass and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. Becoming dreadfully thirsty, he was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning

on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water." Then Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, and he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck.

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him s back the bottle half empty. And as Gluck went on again, the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grass-hoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing. 10

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask, he saw a little child by the roadside crying piteously for water. Gluck put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but 15 a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. And then, there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright-green moss, and pure-white lilies; and the sky sent 20 down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Again his thirst became unbearable, but when he looked at his flask there were only five or six drops left, and he would not venture to drink. At that moment 25 he saw the little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath — just as Hans and Schwartz had seen it; and Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden

River, not five hundred yards away. "Poor beastie," said the boy, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Its eye turned towards him so mournfully that he could not resist; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

A great change at once took place. The dog vanished, but in the spot where it had been stood the King of the Golden River; and he stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. "The water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying," said he, "is unholy, though it may have been blessed by every saint in heaven; but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it may have been defiled with corpses."

On the white leaves of the lily there hung three drops of clear dew, and these the king shook into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and then go down the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley." As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf began to vanish. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. Then the colors grew faint, and the mist rose in the air.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small



circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical sound. Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river did not turn into gold. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and went down the other side of the mountain, towards the valley in which he had once lived, and which was called Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working under the ground. And when he came again in sight of Treasure Valley, behold a river, like the Golden River, was ¹⁰ springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing, in thousands of little streams, among the dry heaps of sand.

And, as the boy gazed, fresh grass sprung beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed ¹⁵ among the moistened soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river banks, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the valley became a garden ²⁰

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER 365

again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had indeed become a river of gold. And to this day the people of that valley point out the place where the three drops of dew were cast into the stream; and at the top of the cataract are still to be seen TWO BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley the BLACK BROTHERS.

1. The author of this story was a famous English writer and student of art. He wrote "The King of the Golden River" for a child friend whom he loved. Do you like it?

2. Who was the king of the river? Why is it called "Golden River"?

3. Why did Schwartz and Hans come to such a bad end? Why did Gluck succeed?

4. Pick out any parts of the story you do not understand and ask the class to explain them to you.

5. List five words the meaning of which the class is to find in the dictionary.

GOOD BOOKS YOU SHOULD KNOW

BELOW is a list of a few good books you should know about. There are many other good titles, but space forbids their appearance here.

Read one good book each month! Add one word each day to your vocabulary! If you do these things you will be wealthy in one of the rarest riches of life.

Æsop's Fables

Andersen's Fairy Tales

Asbjørnsen's East of the Sun and West of the Moon

Baker's Books of Poetry

Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories Retold

Baldwin's Fairy Stories and Fables

Barrie's Peter Pan

Browne's Granny's Wonderful Chair

Burgess's Old Mother West Wind

Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy

Burnett's Sara Crewe

Carroll's Alice in Wonderland

Carryl's Davy and the Goblin

Collodi's Pinocchio

Davis and Chow-Leung's Chinese Fables and Folk Tales

Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (Baldwin)
 Eggleston's *Great Americans for Little Americans*
 Goldsmith's *History of Goody Two Shoes*
 Grimm's *Fairy Tales*
 Harris's *Uncle Remus Stories*
 Kingsley's *Water Babies*
 Kipling's *Jungle Book*
 Kipling's *Just So Stories*
 Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children*
 Lucia's *Peter and Polly*
 Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*
 Mulock's *Adventures of a Brownie*
 Mulock's *Little Lame Prince*
 Nixon-Roulet's *Japanese Folk and Fairy Tales*
 Patri's *White Patch*
 Powers's *Stories the Iroquois Tell Their Children*
 Pyle's *Prose and Verse for Children*
 Pyle's *Twilight Land*
 Pyle's *Wonder Clock*
 Richards's *Pig Brother*
 Sewell's *Black Beauty*
 Skinner's *Merry Tales*
 Stanley's *Animal Folk Tales*
 Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*
 Wiggin's *Fairy Ring*
 Wiggin's *Birds' Christmas Carol*
 Wilson's *Indian Hero Tales*

1

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-39

W 12		
------	--	--

4
h

cont

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD
688647

